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Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1736 · WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC · APRIL 29, 1933

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P.A.28

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 29, 1933

BURMA GOES TO NEW YORK

Giraffe-necked Karen Women from Lower and Eastern Burma Arrive in the American Metropolis to Appear in a Famous Circus

From Eastern Burma, a land for the most part neglected by twentieth century development, to the pulsating life of New York, is a far cry. But these women, members of a little-known feudatory tribe whose home was on the Karen Hills, are to make their appearance in Barnum and Bailey's Circus, and are seen here on board the *Bremen* at New York as the liner was about to dock. The Red Karens are a race quite apart from the Burmese, and from infancy the women of the tribe have their necks encircled in tight-fitting brass bands. With four or five bands attached close to the skin their necks are compelled to grow in an upward direction. Each year as the distortion increases a further ring is added until, on reaching maturity, the adult women, with their necks suitably elongated according to tradition, are able to wear from twenty-one to twenty-five of these singularly uncomfortable looking ornaments. Many of the women also encircle their legs below the knee in similar fashion, and so tight are the bands that it is often quite impossible for them to sit down without stretching their legs straight in front of them. The members of this strange race retain much of their traditional culture, and many of the songs which they still sing refer in poetic terms to the great days of their early glory. To-day they live mostly in the Irawadi Delta and on the Burmese-Siamese border

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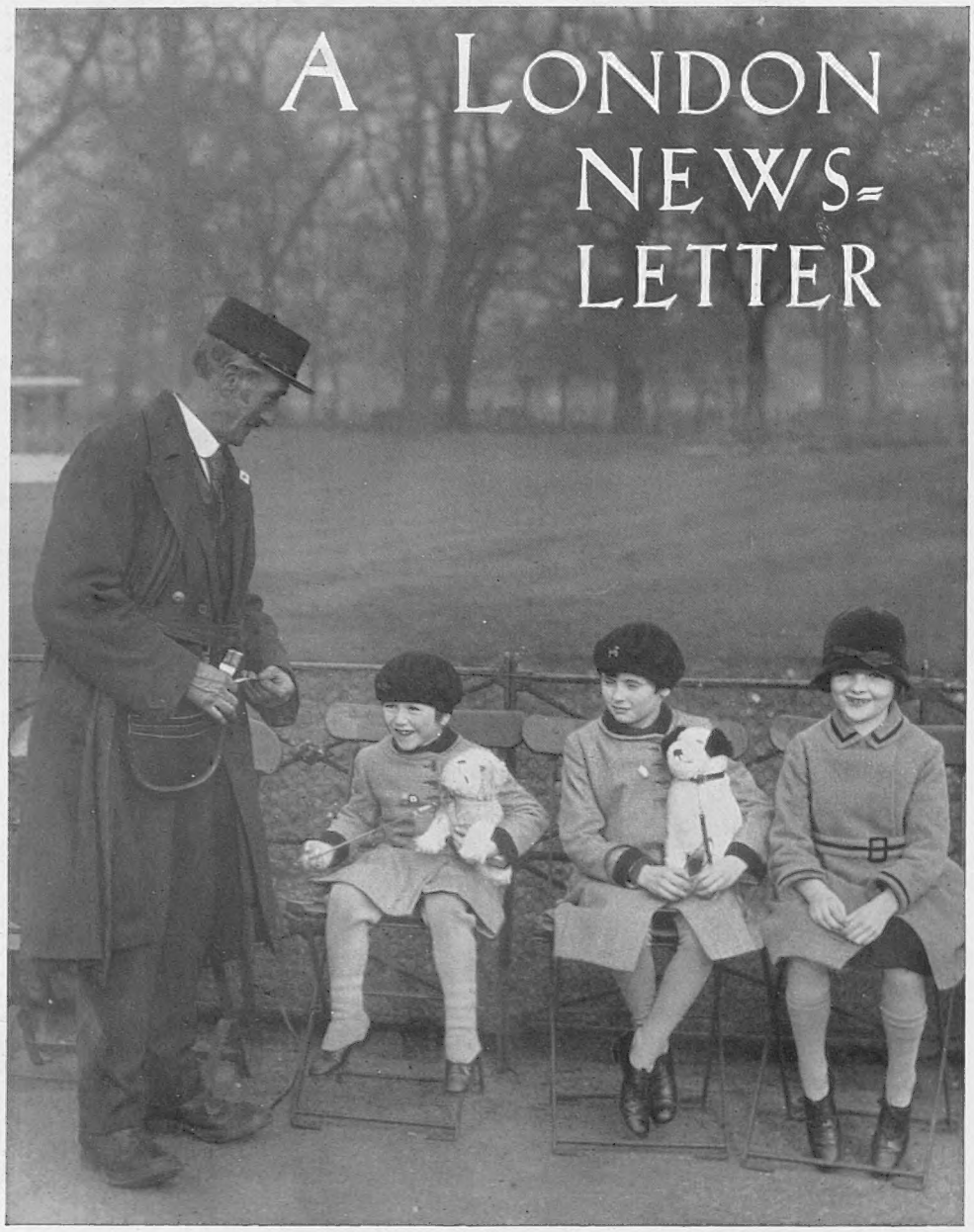
A LONDON NEWS-LETTER



APRIL IN THE PARK: The Hon. Miranda Fitzalan Howard, the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan Howard, and Miss Ann Alston proudly inform the lynx-eyed but kindly ticket collector in Hyde Park that their parents are season holders

THE DOLLAR DISTURBS THROGMORTON STREET: America's unexpected departure from the gold standard created intense speculation in London's "street market" during Thursday and Friday of last week

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday,
April 26, 1933.

THE BUDGET.

—Parliament has reassembled and the secrets of Budget Day are out. A detailed examination of the main provisions must wait over until next week. No one expected fireworks, and few hoped for substantial relief. Indeed, anticipatory interest was much less than usual because it was generally recognized that the Budget decisions of 1933 were fettered and bound up with the Washington discussions and their effect on the Economic Conference. In a sense this Budget is an interim, a tiding-over of a time of complete uncertainty, and it may well be that coming events may yet affect the financial provisions for the year.

LORD JOHN'S DAUGHTER.

—Lady Agatha Russell, who died the other day, was a remarkable link with the distant past. Daughter of Lord John, the first Earl Russell, she was almost unique in the distinction of a father born in the eighteenth century—1792. From him she heard a first-hand account of the appearance and conversation of Buonaparte from his memories of his famous interview with the Emperor at Elba in 1814, from which he came away convinced that Buonaparte designed another bid for his throne. The span covered by father and daughter is staggering in its width, from the trial of Warren Hastings to the death of Lord Chelmsford, from the apex of Sheridan's fame and the death of the young Pretender to — Lloyd George's Memoirs. Lady Agatha was born at Pembroke Lodge eighty years ago and had lived for the past twenty years at Hindhead. She had a good memory and retained to the end a shrewd judgment and a lively interest in current events, and modern ideas and inventions. I am glad to remember a visit to her last year; although I could not lead her to speak of the great events of the far distant past, her comments on the events and inventions of to-day were as shrewd and sound and lively as could be.

"CIVIS ROMANUS SUM."

—The hasty reader has jumped to the conclusion, apropos Moscow, that I am an ardent Bolshevik and, perhaps, that I consider our Government need not have set such store by "the bones of a Pomeranian Grenadier" (or, shall we say, "Metropolitan Engineer?"). But, of course, my real argument all along has been exactly the reverse. Loathing the "Ogpu methods" of Soviets, I have always felt that our official policy of flirting with the Soviet Government (in the hope of gain), of according it "half-recognition" as a civilized Power in the belief that it might benefit our trade (which it never has), was a policy of half-heartedness which must one day bring us into trouble and disrepute. If the Soviet Government's hands have for years been stained with innocent blood and fouled with injustice as the soberest statesmen and journals suggest to-day, how can any man but the meanest of shopkeepers justify our official policy of the past decade or, alternately, applaud an official expression of our Government's loathing for such barbarism in terms of a reduced butter quota? If the Government wished to pass solemn judgment on Bolshevik methods, it might have found a more dignified and sincere form of expression than "to say it with butter." And, if in the event all the convicted men are safely returned to England with their wives and belongings, it may yet regret that it did not find a method less fraught with troubles to come and one more likely to satisfy a nation of hard-hit traders. *Civis Romanus sum*, translated in modern commercial English, loses its splendid ring.

AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY.

—Mr. MacDonald has one of the greatest gifts which can be bestowed on a professional ambassador of peace. He knows how to hide his feelings under a mask of smiles and optimism. No doubt for him the shock of America's departure from the gold standard was lessened by foreknowledge, a whisper of what was impending or a suspicion, amounting to certainty, of a quite inevitable political forcing of the President's hand. It was not to be supposed that Mr. Roosevelt would be left long with an entirely free hand, and Congress has still a dangerous "punch" in reserve. It was otherwise with France. France was not so favoured with foreknowledge, and France was clearly taken aback by the defection of its only important ally from the gold standard. Paris shook its head over the inevitability of a renewal of currency warfare and the fatuity of wasting time over the World Conference in the new circumstances. And France, if she cannot quickly change her mind, can of course upset the apple-cart. But the President and our Premier completed their conversations in serenity and secrecy, and once more, we believe, war debts and disarmament are bound up together—with hope. Mr. MacDonald is returning once more, bearing his sheaves and wearing his mask, a God-sent ambassador of peace, but it is a whole time job, and the job of Premier of Britain is another whole time job.

O THAT MINE ENEMY . . .

—Free Trade campaigns and other true Liberal aims must be furthered, at least until June, without the help and inspiration of Mr. Lloyd George. He is busily engaged in writing a book and cannot attend to current politics. It is not exactly an autobiography, although the achievements of the writer will not be passed over in silence and some effort may be made to show clearly how every act and decision in his life from boyhood up formed a link in a perfect and consistent chain of reasoning whose strength has been proved and tested by the weight of events. It is not, for that matter, a book on agriculture, though the only saving policy for agriculture will be set forth and its soundness clearly revealed, through the utter failure of divergent policies; and it is not a history of Wales or an account of the legends and lore of its people, though the shrewd genius of its most famous wizard will emerge from the pages (even in serial excerpts). It is a new idea in books. It is Mr. George's *War Reminiscences*. The title excites your interest? Here at last is something new, something different. We are likely at last to *hear the truth* about certain aspects of the War to end war, and of the statesmanship which conceived the mighty plan of the Peace of Versailles which settled the differences of Europe after that great upheaval and paved the way for a lasting peace. But, of course, one must expect some hard hitting, while Mr. George forges to a permanent shape and consistency the iron of his reputation in history. He gave us a sample of his wares when he laid down his pen to take up the defence of poor Mr. Churchill against Mr. Ormsby-Gore. No one can fairly charge politicians with withholding their assistance from future historians. It is the modern way of "making history."

PRIVATE VIEW.

—The London Season has opened—that great event being indicated by the opening of the doors of Burlington House to the elect. It is a formal ceremony of hoary tradition dating back to the age of Reynolds, and to-day H.M. Government exchanges for a rich fare of champagne and baked meats a not less rich fare of promises for the future and explanations of its past actions and policy. The Academy Banquet (by tradition equally hoary) is invariably used as a platform by the Government to blow up its trumpet in the new moon. The exhibits on the wall are the survivors of no fewer than 12,000 candidates, some of which must have been of notably inferior merit. It is *vieux jeu* to deride the Annual Exhibition, but it is the simple truth to admit that some of the pictures shown are poor stuff, judged on any standard including the nursery. The chief portrait in the Royal group is the "King in Naval Uniform" by Cope. It will hang ultimately in the United Services Institution. Then there is Dame Laura's "Bernard Shaw," round which the crowds will jostle, the original "original" having staged his return and publicity with wonderful aptness. There are many entrancing Bones, and no one who sees them will ask the age-old question:

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THE ACADEMY

bition which Opens Publicly on May 1

"CEDRIC HARDWICKE, Esq." : By HAROLD KNIGHT, A.R.A.

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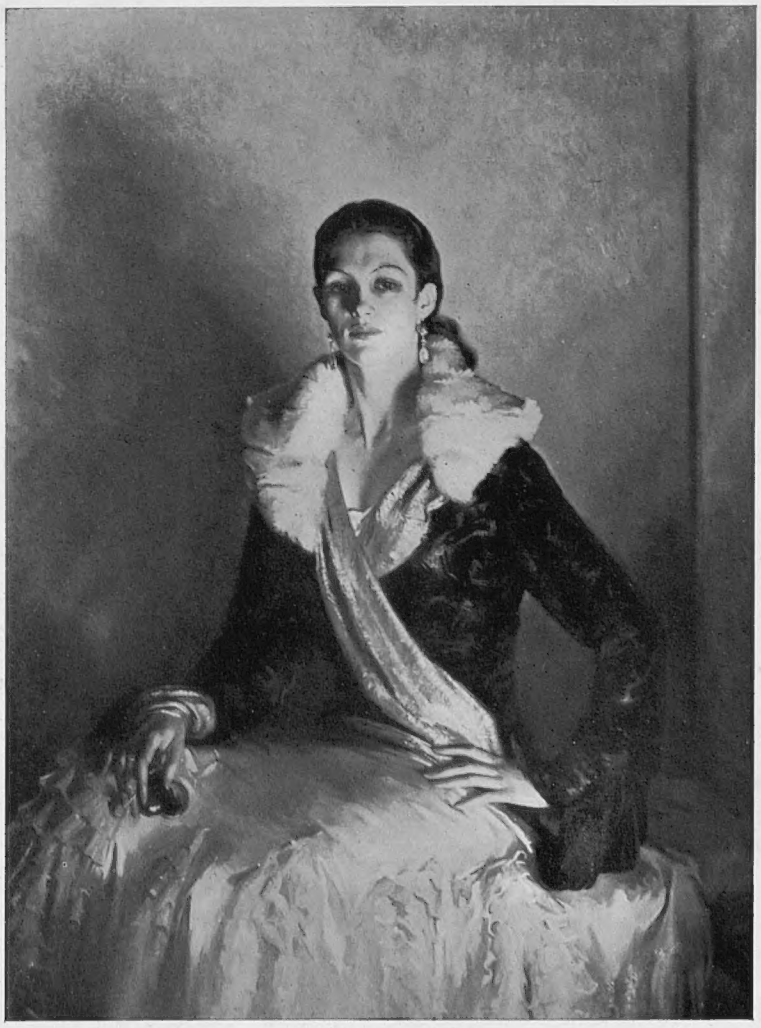
"THE KING OF THE BELGIANS" : By RICHARD JACK, R.A.

A new study of King Albert, the popular King of the Belgians, in military uniform



"INTERVAL" : By JOHN A. M. HAY, R.P.

A study in contemplation by a distinguished exponent of feminine portraiture

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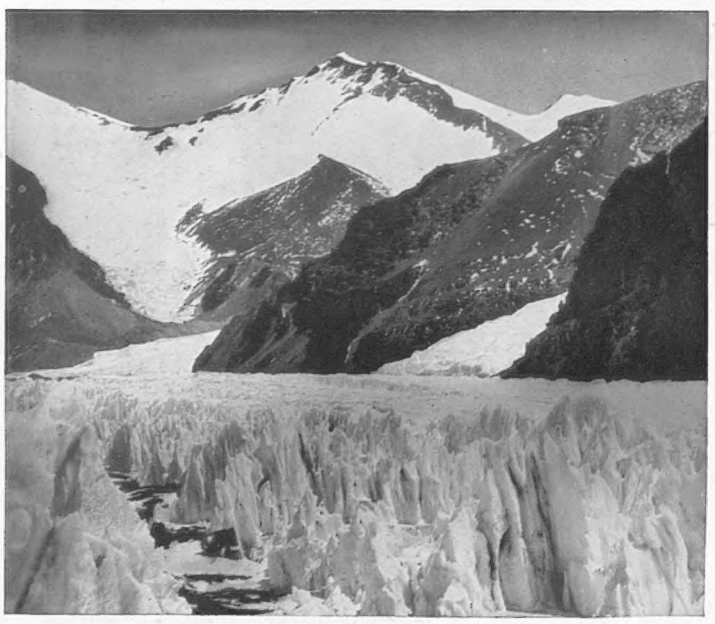
"H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE" : By SIMON ELWES

The King's youngest son. An outstanding contribution to this year's Royal Academy

THE HIGHEST POINT ON EVEREST FROM WHICH A PICTURE HAS BEEN TAKEN: The peak at 28,000 ft. taken by Mr. Somervell during the last land attempt upon Everest. The figure in the foreground is Colonel Norton



THE EAST RONGBUK VALLEY: A message from Darjeeling states that the land expedition has now reached this valley and has encountered a heavy unseasonable fall of snow

THE MAN WHO GAVE HIMSELF TO EVEREST

The Epic Struggle of George Mallory

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN

Those were the last words written by the man who gave himself to Everest. They were written at a height of 26,800 ft. with a stubby piece of pencil and with the breath wheezing in Mallory's lungs. This message was received by Odell at Camp V at 3.0 p.m. on June 7, 1924, just 1,800 ft. lower. It represents the final words of one of the greatest mountain climbers and heroes of adventure.

And yet no message could be less heroic. There is nothing that could be considered suspiciously literary, nothing particularly heroic in the scribbled words. Just an apology for not leaving a camp tidy, a camp that had been pitched higher than man had ever before climbed, and swept by an icy wind of death. Also a little worry about a compass, together with an irritated outburst regarding the oxygen cylinders. It was so typical of the rather poorly-paid Cambridge lecturer, George Leigh Mallory, who was achieving the greatest epic climb of man.

Once again a climbing party is within sight of Everest. The fourth attempt. And Odell, the man who last saw Mallory and his companion, Irvine, crawling those icy slopes like flies upon a gigantic wedding cake, he is again to take part in the assault. I suspect that Odell has that mislaid compass belonging to Mallory in his pocket. Maybe he will struggle once again to the spot where Mallory disappeared in the mist and, should the body of his old friend be discovered, be able to answer that note. The spirit of Mallory will understand. The minds of mountaineers as well as their bodies move among the heights.

Will the fourth expedition discover that, after all, two men did gain the summit and die there? Did Mallory of the fiery soul, expert climber, and of iron endurance top that summit of 29,141 ft.? Was his brave companion, Andrew Irvine, Oxford athlete and jesting gambler with life standing with him on a summit higher than man had ever climbed? They were last seen 400 ft. from the summit. Then a snow cloud enveloped them. No man ever saw Mallory and Irvine again. No man knows what fate befell them.

If this fourth expedition is successful that mystery may be solved. It was the most spectacular death that any mountaineer could hope for. Death on Everest! It was believed by more than one of the party that Mallory and Irvine reached the top, but were caught by the white devils of the mountain on their return. If the present expedition reaches that same height—and the chances to-day are much greater than they were eight years ago—the bodies of these two brave climbers will be found in a state of complete preservation there. The ice and snow of this dead world of 29,000 ft. will have kept Mallory and Irvine as surely as was Andree's body discovered in the Arctic wastes thirty-three years after his death.

Some of the last party held the view that those two brave men, panting desperately, and finding that every step forward was excruciating agony, looked up at the icy pinnacle, decided that they could not get to the top and back, and so did not try. Mallory was not of that ilk. It was the one dominating ambition of his life to climb Everest. Twice before the mountain had nearly claimed him. There was in him that divine irritation which refused to accept defeat. Both he and Irvine realized, no doubt, that if they climbed to the summit death awaited them. They did not hesitate. Mallory, I am sure, gave himself deliberately to Everest. He climbed to the summit, and died there.

Only the other day I lounged in a mountain hut and, turning the pages of the climbers' log book, discovered the meticulous handwriting of Mallory describing a local climb. And the subject matter, the technique of the climb, was as meticulous as the writing. Mallory believed in the job. He could size up a rock face with those weather-wrinkled eyes, and tell you in a few minutes how best to climb it. And with sweat and sinew he would accomplish it.

There was something of sparseness, a lack of emotion, a dourness if you will, which made Mallory anything but a hero to a world interested overmuch in the whims of Mayfair celebrities.

"Why, my dear fellow, do you want to climb Everest?" he was once asked, point-blank.

Mallory smiled.

"Because it is there," he said, simply.

And he proved himself in the first three expeditions. He was on the reconnaissance of 1921, and the two assaults of 1922 and 1924. At the time of his third and fatal expedition Mallory was a master at Charterhouse. He was not a man likely to stand out in a crowd. There was no hulking physique about him. Certainly good-looking. Put a bowler hat on his head and he could have stood in any crowd at Cannon Street Station and been ignored. Only when he spoke was there something jerky, almost impatient in his voice. He did not suffer fools gladly.

It was this suspicion of irritation that caused the Everest Committee to question Mallory closely before his selection. They knew, only too well, how the nerves of men become frayed on an expedition at high altitudes. To test him, the chairman asked Mallory whether he would be prepared to sleep in the same bag as some uncongenial member of the party at 27,000 ft.

Mallory's retort was quick and fiery.

"I don't care a damn who shares my sleeping-bag so long as we get to the top," he said.

Once on the mountain, however, this man with the irritated voice was the real, dominant leader. He was a flawless climber and certainly the coolest-headed man in the expedition. Only once did the snow gods touch him. It was on one of the early climbs. He came down hysterical from a battle with the topmost ridge, insisting that his companion Morshead was Longstaff.

He seemed possessed of iron endurance. There was one cruel day on Everest in 1922 when Mallory and Somervell struggled to the top of the North Col. In that day they had achieved what few climbers to-day could manage. They had hacked out a ladder-like path up a thousand-foot ice wall to an elevation of 23,000 ft. Every further move meant torture to bodies already worn to exhaustion. Yet Mallory went still higher, seeking a way through tumbled bergs from the col to the ridge, rising 6,000 ft. above. And Somervell was left with a crayon in his frosted fingers trying to capture some of the majestic, desolate beauty about him. Such is the magnificence of climbers.

The story of Mallory and Irvine's final climb is well known. It is probably a tale of great success—and then death. The last human eyes to gaze upon them were Odell's, and then the snow gods of Everest embraced the puny, struggling figures! The *Alpine Journal* with Odell's story is before me:—

"At about twenty-six thousand feet I climbed a little crag which could possibly have been circumvented, but which I decided to tackle direct, more perhaps as a test of my condition than for any other reason. There was, perhaps, a hundred feet of it, and as I reached the top there was a sudden clearing above me and I saw the whole summit ridge and final peak of Everest unveiled. I noticed far away on a snow slope, leading up to the last step but one from the base of the final pyramid, a tiny object moving and approaching the rock step. A second object followed, and then the first climbed to the top of the step. As I stood intently watching this dramatic appearance, the scene became enveloped in cloud, and I could not actually be certain that I saw the second figure join the first. . . ."

It was the end. Perhaps one day in June this year, Odell may stand beside the bodies of brave Mallory and Irvine.

CAMP VI. EVEREST.

DEAR ODELL,—We're awfully sorry to have left things in such a mess—our Unna Cooker rolled down the slope at the last moment. Be sure of getting back to Camp IV to-morrow in time to evacuate before dark, as I hope to. In the tent I must have left a compass—for the Lord's sake rescue it; we are without. To here on 90 atmospheres (pressure in the oxygen cylinders) for the two days—so we'll probably go on two cylinders. But it's a —— load for climbing. Perfect weather for the job!—Yours ever, G. MALLORY.

AN ALBANIAN ADVENTURE

A British General Beats the Balkan Brigands

A PERSONALITY IN THE BALKANS: General Sir Jocelyn Percy, K.B.E., on the steps of his office with the Albanian Commandant-General of gendarmerie. At the request of King Zog, the General has trained an army of 3,000 gendarmes to rid the country of bandit terrorism

INSPECTING ALBANIA'S FORCES OF ORDER: Major Cripps, one of the British officers assisting General Percy in his work of subduing the brigands, shows an Albanian how to inspect the gendarmes. The force is an independent body uninfluenced by politics and is doing much to make peace among the Albanian highlanders who still believe in the blood feud

IN AN ALBANIAN MOUNTAIN PASS: Although little is known of his activities in this country Sir Jocelyn Percy is a popular figure in Albania. Regarded by the bandits, whose warlike activities he has done so much to check, as something of a "spoil-sport," he is recognized by the more peace-loving sections of the community as an outstanding influence for good. At the risk of his own life he has almost exterminated the gangs which once terrorized Albania, and in a short time has created an ordered force which should permanently keep them in subjection. *Above in centre*—HIS SPARE TIME HOBBY: When the General has finished his gendarmerie duties he is often to be seen in his workshop making furniture and fittings for his house. *Above on right*—BRITISH DISCIPLINE AT TIRANA: Major Hill, another officer assisting General Percy, instructs a gendarme in his duties outside the Ministry of the Interior in the Albanian capital

ORIENTAL DRESS in a FAMOUS DUTCH PICTURE

PETER BRUEGHEL'S Celebrated Picture of "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," an Allegorical Representation of the Spanish Persecutions from the Beraudière Collection

This celebrated picture, which has recently changed hands in New York, is the original of a well-known piece in the Dresden Gallery. It is sometimes wrongly described as "The Sermon on the Mount," but the real subject is "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness." It records, in an allegorical way, the Spanish persecutions in the Netherlands when the Protestants were not allowed to meet for prayer in the towns and used to go out into the country to listen to their favourite preachers. The boys in the trees are "look-out men" to give warning of the approach of enemies who might denounce the congregation to the Duke of Alva's inquisitors. The men on the outskirts of the ring are armed.

The extraordinary costumes were intended to suggest the Oriental congregation to which the man of God was preaching.

Brueghel, though a Flemish artist, had visited Italy and he doubtless went to Venice. There he would have seen Orientals in turbans on the Piazza San Marco and also Carpaccio's pictures of "St. George and the Dragon" in the church of S. Giorgio dei Schiavone from which he took the turbaned man with his back turned on the left of the picture. In Venice he may have seen some Chinese visitors or Chinese pictures which would account for the pig-tailed figure and the astonishing Oriental hat that is worn on two figures, one in the foreground and one on the right of the preacher.

The whole picture suggests an exotic crowd, but the artist in fact has only introduced these few exotic notes. The rest of the crowd are in the local peasant and burgher costumes of the time, the women in their wimples (that figure in pictures of the Virgin all through Christian art, and are still worn by nuns) and the men in the nondescript clothes of mixed fashion then worn by the lower classes.

When we get to the group round the preacher the artist seems to have introduced portraits of local personalities; some of his friends may have suffered persecution as the result, because we know that he destroyed a number of his pictures before his death in order, as he said, not to endanger his family and friends.

The figure in the foreground, whose hat is covered with charms against the evil eye, was doubtless some local character who was particularly superstitious. Brueghel has not shown us his face.

The man whose hand is being read by the queer figure in a sort of Arabian burnous does not appear in the Dresden version, which is thus seen to be a copy.

Peter Brueghel, known as "the Elder," was born in 1525 and died in 1569. He painted a number of such pictures with nominal religious subjects, which were really directed against the Spanish in the Netherlands. His "Numbering at Bethlehem," for example, shows the Spanish tax-collectors making a census in a village.

R. H. W.

VIENNA ACQUIRES A MASTERPIECE

A detail of the exquisite sixteenth-century Flemish tapestry, depicting Christ after the descent from the cross, which the Vienna National Museum has purchased recently from a monastery near Salzburg. The tapestry was completed in 1510

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1933

PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXHIBITION: Workmen placing the pictures in position. *On the right* is the portrait of the Prince of Wales as Chancellor of Cape Town University, by John Wheatley

HANGING THE 1,500 EXHIBITS

Final preparations were in full swing last week for the opening of the 1933 Royal Academy on May 1. From the deluge of entries 1,500 pictures were selected by the hanging committee, and workmen are here seen busily engaged in putting them in place

SCENES BEFORE THE OPENING

FRANCE LOOKS FOR A MAN

Napoleon V and Other Claimants to Supreme Control

By FERDINAND TUOHY

M. CAILLAUX, the politician who averted a world war in 1911

M. TARDIEU, who visualizes the passing of democratic rule in France

H.R.H. THE DUC DE GUISE, the descendant of a Royal line

NAPOLEON V? The present head of a famous family

It can hardly be a matter for surprise that the French people have lately been looking all round the question of dictatorship. Scarce a prominent man but has given his views on the subject: *La France veut-elle un dictateur?* And this query has perforce in turn branched up other lines marked "Orléanist" and "Bonapartist." One may say, without exaggeration, that the country as a whole is profoundly dissatisfied with the latterday workings or non-workings of the parliamentary machine, and that the pressure of opinion has not unnaturally conducted to more basical examination of the institutions themselves, of *the* institution of the Third French Republic now sixty-two years old.

This very democratic organism, under which, apparently, all the sins of demagogy may be committed with impunity and damage to the national interests, has rather suddenly awakened to find itself surrounded by a sea of dictatorships. Have we noted in what degree these last have been growing since the dawn of 1933? Perhaps we have been rather too overwhelmed by Hitlerism to reflect that there now exist a round dozen dictatorships east and west, and that at a pinch a further brace of constitutional lands might be added. Here is an extended list to date:

Horthy	Salazar
Kemal	Riza Shah
Mussolini	King Carol
Pilsudski	Hitler
Stalin	Dollfuss
King Alexander	Roosevelt
Azaña	

A fairly full list. Leaving but Britain, France, the Scandinavian lands, Czechoslovakia, the Low Countries, the Baltic States, Greece, and Bulgaria carrying on with parliamentary government—and not all of these, if one looks more closely. Possibly only the first six mentioned above are really still clinging to the democratic principle, though there are many who would be inclined to add America and Spain, whose Premiership, however, is very much a one-man affair. However, there exist sufficient full-blown dictators without quibbling. And no fewer than four of these gentry have been sprung upon us in the past few weeks: Hitler, Roosevelt, Salazar (Portugal), and Dollfuss. Nor is there any particular sign that the craze is yet subsiding. Rumblings of Nazi-ism are being heard in disgruntled Holland, while Greece is toying with a Royalist return.

What is all this one-man rule going on all about me? asks Jacques Bonhomme. Am I being left out of a good thing? Haven't *I* a man, too? Or, do I want one?

So runs the current probing in France.

The obvious would be to say that it has been impelled by Hitler's Wagnerian entry; that France has of a sudden observed a great wall of Fascism emerge beside her. Yet it is more probably the success of Roosevelt—following on the steadiness obtained by our own National Government—that has prompted the French alertness to her own household. Especially Roosevelt's tackling of events, since these are considered to have been worse, considerably so, than France's present "désarroi," to use a word the country is bitterly learning from the lips of Caillaux.

It has fallen to this septuagenarian of so heavily charged a life to set the ball rolling. Caillaux's come-back—if he ever really went—has been astonishing. Had he the physical strength *he* would be the man, almost unquestionably. In many respects his "varied career" has resembled that of Lloyd George. Both earned pre-War unpopularity by diving into well-filled pockets; and the Frenchman had his apotheosis around Agadir even as the Welsh wizard was to follow with his during the War. And then, to each, came oblivion for many years, perhaps their best. Each no doubt possesses the most brilliantly constructive mind, in times of stress, in his respective country; but each, alas! has also qualified in *anno domini*. The Frenchman, however, is thoroughly in the forefront of affairs. It having been in turn discovered that (a) he averted the World War in 1911, (b) his drawn peace plan of 1917 might have been the one solution, (c) he was not guilty of treason, (d) he saved the franc for Poincaré to reap the harvest; Joseph Caillaux is to-day listened to even by a host of reluctant enemies, and no man has had more. His teaching at this present moment is twofold: machines and science must be rigidly controlled, and at once, or they will run away with us to catastrophe, and democracy must be invested with authority or it will swiftly perish from this earth.

This second cry was avidly taken up by a very different customer in André Tardieu, who aspires to Mussolinian altitude (he is approximately the same age) without having shown an atom of the Italian's deep and embracing vision. Tardieu would be the out-and-out dictator of the Right, of the industrialists and cannon-merchants, and of eventual re-entry into the Ruhr by way of a preventive demonstration (as distinct from war). He has launched his own crusade, and it started with some empty banqueting chairs at Laon and stones through the window of his car.

Nevertheless, Tardieu's crusade, linked with a second called "The Nation's Rights," and of even more advanced texture, has served to bring out into the open the burning question of the day, that of the régime itself. What can be done about this? It has obviously ceased to function, in this driving world, to the greater honour or interest of the Republic. Deputies promise all manner of things in order to get elected and to stay there; and then they block and block vital legislation such as the Budget; or else they perpetrate appalling errors such as refusing to pay the tiny American debt with the coffers of the Banque de France fairly bursting with gold. They are freely recognized as much of a collection of lesser intelligences who have gravitated to politics and to ruling the country, because being a deputy is good for les affaires.

"A freemasonry of elderly men who pretend to the direction of France on a basis of demagogy and self-interest."

Yet is it all the deputies' fault? May not something be wrong with the Constitution itself? Is there not a vice in this chart as drawn up at Versailles after 1870? The answer is yes and no.

French Prime Ministers never ask the President to dissolve, and thus get along with the job on a new basis, as we do. (The English example is being widely urged.) The result has been a new Ministry every five months, on an average, ever since the advent of the Third Republic. And that, to-day, means chaos. It cannot go on. Yet it has been discovered that according to the Constitution Premiers do actually possess the right to ask for a dissolution but that this has never been used except on one occasion, because it savours too strongly of the coup d'état! That one occasion was when Marshal MacMahon, with Royalist hopes, dissolved, and had himself to leave. Perhaps that leaving has intimidated others since. Be that as it may, the reform most widely backed, up to the present, is that dissolutions should operate in the same manner as at Westminster, and it is not improbable that future events will render necessary this initial strengthening of French ministries.

Yet will this adequately tackle a problem that now openly assumes such proportions as the majority of the population dodging taxation in the most avowed manner; of "syndicates" from right and left imposing their will on Cabinet Ministers; of the very State functionaries doing no less? No modern State has shown a more dismal close-up than that of a month or two ago when MM. Chéron and Paul-Boncour attempted to balance the Budget in between receiving delegations that informed them that they had no intention of observing the proposed new ordinances. Something *must* be done about that.

VOTES FOR FRENCHWOMEN: Young women recording their votes at a local municipal election in Montmartre. Women in France are pressing for a full parliamentary vote

It is here we enter upon the good old imponderables. No one thought for a second that Hitler was on the verge of being made Chancellor. *Nothing* should surprise us these times. It thus becomes necessary to envisage other possibilities in France, not excluding the demise of the Third Republic itself.

If Tardieu stands ready to hand as the 100 per cent. French incarnation of Fascism (though he has not risen from nowhere as did Hitler and the Duce, and this is a severe handicap), possible Royalist and even Bonapartist chances are not going unplumbed. The Duc de Guise lately entered the lists with a manifesto, but it provoked smiles. At least, it did from Paris walls, for I saw them. On the other hand, Paris is not the whole of France though she would gladly think herself to be so. The Legitimist cause has strong backing down the valley of the Loire and in the East and in Béarn, to state but three cases, while it possesses its own Press led by the dynamic Daudet, and up till now the Church has been of Royalist blue and hue. Women are pressing for the vote in France, and they are not being given it chiefly for the reason that it is feared so many might work for a return of the House of Orléans. If they did get the vote, the chances of a return from this quarter, under a constitutional monarchy and not as the Comte de Chambord held out for in the late 'seventies, cannot be ruled out.

But the Bourbon-Orléans Duc de Guise, who lives near Brussels and spends his exile studying all wars—past, present, and future—the noble Duc has one serious handicap: he arouses no enthusiasm in the French Army, which has, on the other hand, never forgotten the "Little Corporal" and the glory he brought to France and her armies, and this brings us, finally, to a hundred-to-one chance but nevertheless a chance, in——

Napoleon the Fifth.

The young gentleman, completely forgotten, recently celebrated his nineteenth birthday as a Brussels student; he lives there, also in exile, with his mother, the former Princess Clementine, whose long-standing romance with Prince Victor-Napoleon was not realizable until after Leopold II had died. Death freed the daughter, who lives in her widowhood in the Avenue Louise and watches over her son, the last of his great name (Prince Louis Napoleon) until he himself perpetuates it. There has been little or no Bonapartist activity in France—no papers, no Church backing, no meetings, no pamphleteering—until lately. The centenary of the hapless King of Rome last year led to great "Napoleona" in the public prints, and this has not been without its aftermath. *L'Aiglon* is indubitably a popular survival in France as, indeed, he can hardly fail to be in most places. Of his father, no word is necessary: he radiated *gloire* as none other had ever before dealt by that beloved word. Napoleon III has, in retrospect, emerged as a man of several qualities and of considerable character. Napoleon IV, despite young Maurice Rostand's inane piece of Anglophobia, at least died as a Bonaparte should. Napoleon V is, as I have said, a completely unknown quantity lost in the modern world, but he still wields the magic of his name for some, and in certain extreme eventualities, such as an army coup d'état led by a far-famed figure, might it be possible that here would be the man under the constitutional authority of whom the country could gather together and carry on?

One thing is certain: if a *man* emerges in France, he will at once be clasped.

ECHOES of EASTER And Other Foreign News

THE POPE, surrounded by his Cardinals, reads the Papal Bull of the Holy Year from the gallery of the Basilica of St. Peter, Rome. The message was subsequently transmitted by wireless. *Below*—In spite of the Republican anti-Church regime Spanish women attended service and celebrated Easter in traditional style

TOP-HATTED MEMBERS and uniformed Nazis arrive at the Session Hall for the swearing-in ceremony of Berlin's newly-elected City Parliament

TWO AIR CHIEFS MEET: General Balbo, Italy's Minister of Air and an accomplished aviator, seen with Captain Goering, the Prussian Prime Minister and Minister of Air, immediately after his arrival in Rome

IN THE CITY OF TRAJAN: The procession of dignitaries of the Orthodox Church was witnessed by a large crowd in Sofia at the dedication of the Cathedral of St. Nedelia which has now been completely restored. This famous Bulgarian cathedral was destroyed by Communist fanatics in 1925, and the ceremony pictured here was held in celebration of the now finished work of rebuilding

BRITAIN CLEARS THE SHIPPING DECKS

SHIPPING IN THE NEW DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON: Even to-day the world's busiest passenger-carrying port

With Sea-borne Trade Drying Up and Her Rivals Putting State Aid Behind their Shipping, Britain's Unsubsidized Mercantile Marine Faces its Greatest Crisis

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

News now that the Cunard and the White Star companies, and the Treasury, will soon conclude a three-cornered deal (which will stop these great shipping companies fighting each other for North Atlantic traffic, line them up against foreign competition, and clear the way for work to restart on Cunarder 534) leaves a rocket streak across the dark of the biggest shipping war on record.

The glow reveals the British mercantile marine, tossed by the worst storm in its history, clearing decks for large-scale action which seems destined to determine the trend of shipping development, and the character of shipping competition, the whole world over, and for as far ahead as one can see.

The big issue is whether merchant ships shall be operated on an economic or a political basis—kept afloat by subsidies or left free to sink or swim by their own unaided efforts.

Everywhere, of course, the cataclysmic fall in trade between nations has knocked shipping sideways. Never before has there been so much tonnage laid up in ports and harbours. But the British, owning and operating 20,000,000 of the world total of 70,000,000 tons, are hardest hit of all. Shipping is Britain's biggest industry. Even to-day, with the total of world trade half what it was in 1929, shipping services play the chief part in keeping the national balance sheet out of the red. Ships, further, are her life. They link her Empire structure. Without an active mercantile marine, paying its way and earning depreciation on its ships (even if not prosperous enough to pay dividends), England is done—as the Romans would have been if their road system had cracked up in their imperial heyday.

Up to the War Britain was all right. Her shipping services, sold to the world, brought around £150,000,000 every year into the national coffers. That money, representing 33 per cent. of her invisible exports, went out again to help pay for the food and raw materials consumed in a small industrial island crammed with factories and factory workers. Other nations were quite content to hire British boats to carry their goods, commodities, and citizens to and fro along the seaways. The outward haul of British coal and factory products enabled British shipowners, earning money coming and going, to hold their own against all comers even when the latter were subsidized. The profit-earning powers in the most efficient groups may be gauged from the fact that in 1913 Ellerman Lines paid dividends on a block of 69,000 preferred ordinary shares at the rate of 22 per cent. plus a 100 per cent. bonus. In the same year launches from British shipyards totalled nearly 2,000,000 tons.

Happy days! The War period saw millions of tons sunk, but it was the insurance men mainly who got hurt. From first to last the British merchant fleet carried 53,000,000 tons of munitions and 26,000,000 fighting men to and from the great theatres of war. It fed and supplied the British Navy, formed a liner cruiser squadron, maintained the blockade, operated the auxiliary patrol of 3,000 craft which did the odd jobs of mine-sweeping, channel clearing, submarine trapping, and the like; and it transported half of America's 2,000,000 soldiers to France.

The aftermath was not so good—for Britain. The War, if it did nothing else, demonstrated the vulnerability of States with navies to support, overseas trade to maintain, food or raw materials to safeguard, but dependent either wholly or partly on foreign merchant ships for all these essential services. America saw that her foreign trade would have been wiped out for want of ships if she had not been on Britain's side politically and economically, and that it would have been annihilated for the same reason if Britain had lost control of the sea to Germany. She also perceived that the sea strategy of 1588, which saw the weight of a merchant fleet decide the battle against the Spanish Armada (only thirty-four out of the 197 English ships who fought then were naval vessels), still held. And a merchant ship, suitable to assist the navy in war-time as a transport, scout, swift light cruiser or submarine destroyer, was not a liability in peace-time like a warship, but an asset, supporting itself in trade.

It was this war-born complex, and not any economic consideration, which after the War put the Government in each of the above-mentioned countries behind the shipping business. As a result, each of these four States now finds itself with three times the tonnage it owned in 1913, while the British tonnage shows practically no change. Germany, with nothing to learn about the meaning of ships, also began to build furiously, and soon had replaced with new tonnage most of her war losses.

But as this building only gave America 17·76 per cent. of the total of world ocean-going tonnage, and Germany 7·22 per cent., while Britain retained her lead with 30·49 per cent., and as further they remained confident in their ability to compete for freights against all comers, the British did not worry much until the world slump arrived. The progressive drying-up then of the broad stream of international trade created a draught which began by chilling the British industry, and now looks like freezing it to death unless something happens to warm the air.

Thanks to the desire of nation after nation to fly its flag on merchant ships, world tonnage, despite scrapping (4,000,000 tons by America alone during the last ten years), aggregates 70,000,000 tons, which is about twice as much as is needed at the present moment to carry the diminished stream of merchandise and human beings from land to land over the seaways. Just what that means one may see by visiting a chief port anywhere in a shipowning country. Britain feels the keen blast of the blizzard most, because apart from the fact that she is the biggest shipowner, with 20,000,000 tons, against America's 13,000,000 tons and Germany's 4,000,000, she is the only shipowning State of importance which is not warming its shipping industry with State aids, direct and indirect. Even her coastwise trade is unprotected.

SHIPBUILDING ON TEES-SIDE: Looking forward along the keel of one of the three cargo vessels now being constructed in Messrs. Furness, Withy's yards at Haverton Hill-on-Tees, Durham

Three million tons of her immense fleet are now laid up; the remainder barely pays its way. Companies which had not passed a dividend in their history are passing them now. The Cunard Company lost £500,000 in 1931, and nearly £1,000,000 last year. The shipping services, which averaged £140,000,000 each year between 1921–29 (as high £340,000,000 in 1920), earned no more than £40,000,000 in 1932.

Blight has fallen on the shipyards which were launching 2,000,000 tons of ships a year. Twenty-five important yards launched no ships last year; and for the first time in man's memory the great Harland and Wolff concern, which for years has held the blue ribbon for shipbuilding, had not a single ship on its stocks. Launches for the year totalled under 200,000 tons, or one-tenth of the national capacity even as cut down by drastic rationalization, involving the closing down of many yards, enforced by the big bankers under a nation-wide scheme.

The stoppage of work on the big Cunarder gave the British nation the biggest shock of the slump. She was planned to recapture for Britain the lost blue ribbon of the North Atlantic: and the giant hulk, now deserted and silent, amid its forest of scaffolding on Clydebank, symbolized for the islanders the deepening of the world slump, the drying up of international trade, the emptying of the seaways. Finance has dried up. The City was alarmed about the outlook for shipping. The financiers questioned whether these giant vessels were not a mistake. How could they earn a surplus over cost of operation with the trans-atlantic ferry already crowded with big liners, subsidies at the back of most of the non-British ones, and Italy, France, Germany, and America all mad-keen on record holding and willing to back competition directly or indirectly out of national funds?

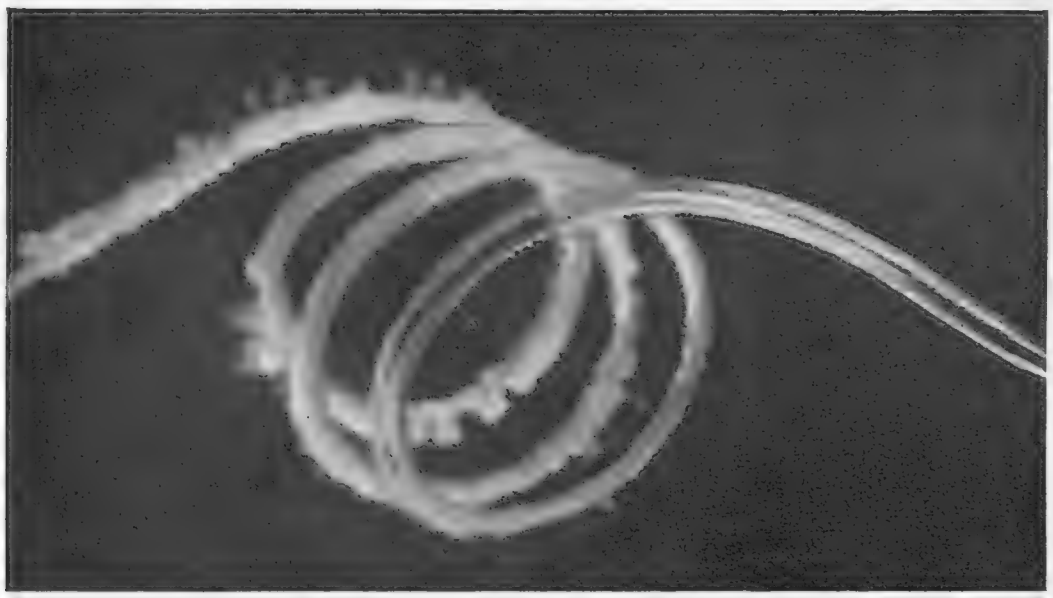
Subsidies—there lay (and lies) the rub. Lord Essenden, who controls Furness, Withy and the two units of the broken Kylsant group, a total of nearly 4,000,000 tons (no other shipping magnate in the world disposes of a combined fleet approaching this one), lately gave a typical case of subsidy competition. One of his companies competes with an American shipping company. The British vessels receive no subsidy and carry the mails at an average payment of 2,500 dollars a voyage. But the American line receives a mail contract payment of 8 dollars a mile, irrespective of the quantity of mails carried, and payments amount to 48,000 dollars a voyage.

But the shipping men hate the idea of a subsidy war which would bring the Government into shipping and prolong the present world phase of "prestige politics" in the world sea-carrying trade. Subsidies, besides, inject monkey gland into worn-out businesses and keep ships in commission that ought to be scrapped. The only sound way to operate ships is to keep up to date and a jump ahead of the other fellow. A plan has been drafted for the building of 3,000,000 tons of new ships, progressive scrapping of old tonnage keeping pace with new launchings. This is the sort of thing that British shipping needs. Elimination of competition between British groups, to rally British strength in competing with subsidized foreign shipping—this is another great constructive move which needs driving through. To have the Cunard and White Star Lines, for instance, fighting each other for traffic, on an ocean route where the ships of eight nationalities compete, is suicidal; and the Runciman-Chamberlain combination at political headquarters was right to insist on a working arrangement between the two before financial aid is forthcoming to restart work on the giant Cunarder.

SPEED in the AIR

Aerial Section of "The Sphere"

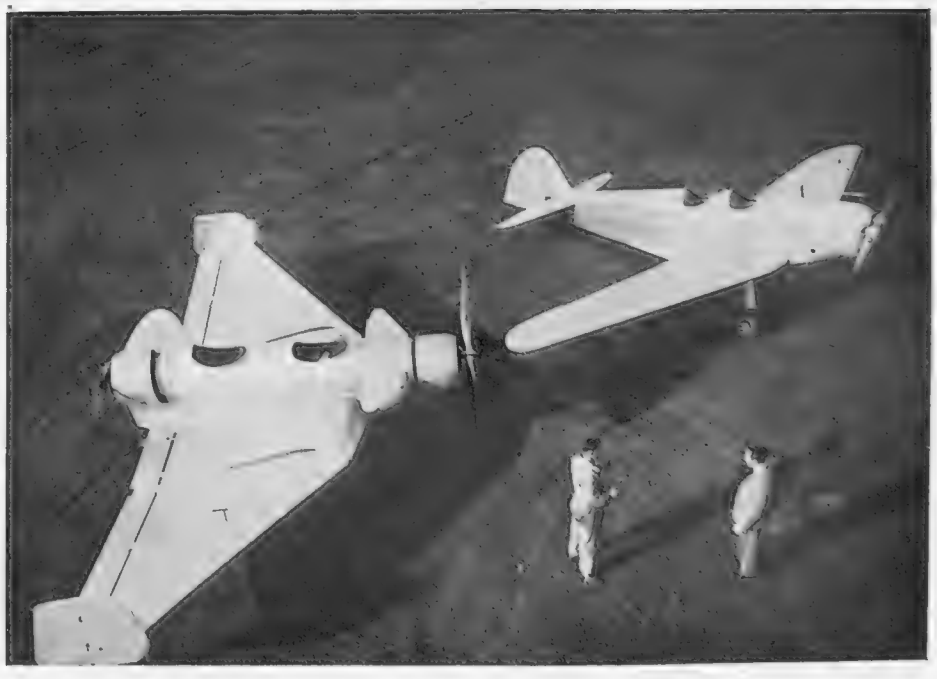
A WORLD LANDPLANE RECORD HOLDER: The 1932 Gee Bee Racer with which Mr. James Doolittle won the Thompson Trophy at a speed of 252.6 m.p.h., and in which he afterwards went on to win the World's Landplane Speed Record at 296.28 m.p.h. This somewhat singularly constructed 'plane was made by Messrs. Granville Brothers of Springfield, Massachusetts, and is equipped with a Pratt and Whitney supercharged Wasp engine. When the 1932 design was first introduced its many revolutionary features aroused severe criticism which was afterwards effectually silenced by a series of outstanding performances



ARABESQUES IN THE SKY: A remarkable picture taken by an Italian aviator at an air pageant in Rome on Aviation Day when over a quarter of a million spectators watched aerial stunts by military experts. This effect was obtained by two 'planes flying close together and each throwing out a smoke screen

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT STAINFORTH, Schneider Trophy winner, at Portsmouth Air Port, where he tested Sir Alan Cobham's 'plane

426 M.P.H.: Warrant Officer Francesco Agello, the Italian Schneider Trophy pilot, who on April 10 claimed the world's speed record of 426.502 m.p.h. in a Macchi Castoldi Fiat seaplane



NOVELTIES IN AEROPLANES: Left—A new tailless 'plane which, although possessing only a single 150-h.p. engine, is credited with a speed of a little over 160 miles per hour. On the right is an unusual type of touring machine

TO ATTEMPT A NON-STOP FLIGHT TO AUSTRALIA: Sir Alan Cobham, one of the pioneers of England-Australia flying, will make this ambitious attempt with Squadron-Leader Helmore. The machine is a low winged monoplane with a retractable undercarriage, and is equipped with an Armstrong Siddeley Lynx engine of 240 h.p. It will be refuelled from the air at four points during the flight. Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth has recently put the 'plane through its first test flight

THE AUSTRALIA NON-STOP 'PLANE AT PORTSMOUTH: A full length view of the *Airspeed Courier*. *Left*—An aerial view at Plymouth of the G.W.R. 'planes which inaugurated the South Wales-Devonshire service

ROCHESTER TO BUILD NEW AIRLINERS FOR CROYDON: Messrs. Short Brothers have been commissioned to build two new airliners for Imperial Airways. They are to be of a similar type to the Scipio flying boats built by Shorts (one of which is seen above), but with the necessary adaptation of fuselage and under-carriage to fit them for land work

THE FLYING

New Developments in National Passenger-Carrying Services

By C. D. PALMER

The spring of 1933 is making British air transport history by reason of the number of unsubsidized airlines which are being established in various parts of the country. At last it is being understood that aircraft can offer a service to the public which for cheapness, comfort, and time-saving can compete very favourably with the older forms of locomotion. It only remains for the public to realize that British air transport is no longer confined to the Continental routes and that there are internal lines in operation.

The development of these unsubsidized lines has been made possible by the progress during the past year or so in the design and construction of passenger aircraft. Remunerative operation is now possible, without Government subsidy, at fares which compete favourably with those on the railways.

An airline was operated successfully last summer from Maylands, near Romford, with a regular service to and from Clacton. This year it has been extended to Ramsgate and Margate as well. Season and day-return tickets are issued on these services which operate with the regularity of 'bus or train. But this firm's most interesting venture is the institution of a service to Paris with two planes each way a day for a return fare of £5 10s. De Havilland machines are used exclusively, and the low fares on the Paris service have been made possible by the use of the new De Havilland Dragon, which is equipped with wireless and carries six passengers and baggage. It has two De Havilland Gipsy engines, and on demonstration recently flew from Southampton to London carrying a full load of passengers and ballast with one engine completely stopped, actually gaining height on the journey. This should give confidence to passengers crossing the Channel.

In Scotland the firm which controls the largest motor-coach interests north of the Tweed has entered the aviation field. Its fleet will shortly number twenty machines. At present its operations are mainly confined to air-taxi work, and exhibitions and displays will be given during the season at more than fifty towns in Scotland and Northern England to train the public to be air-minded.

On May 8, a service is scheduled to open between Inverness and Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands using twin-engined Monospar machines. This service will be a great time-saver over surface transport, and newspapers will be delivered daily in Kirkwall before noon. To those who have experienced the sea crossing to the Orkneys, one of the roughest in the world, the advantages of the air route need no elaboration.

The Great Western has been the first British railway to realize the future possibility of serious competition between air and rail. The railway is using the powers acquired in 1929 by starting an air service this week between Cardiff and Haldon, near Exeter, a journey which takes about 45 min. by air as against four to five hours by train. The fares are very moderate, special rates are quoted for children, and special arrangements are made for dealing with baggage viâ the railway. The whole service is designed for people, particularly families, travelling for summer holidays from South Wales to the coasts of Devon and Cornwall.

Another service of this nature is to be run this summer from Heston to the Isle of Wight at a return fare of 55s. This will avoid the trouble and delay of the steamer crossing, and should do much to bring to the public attention the advantages of the aeroplane where short sea crossings are involved.

New designs for passenger aircraft are continually being produced, one of particular interest being the airspeed "Courier," a modified form of which is to be used by Sir Alan Cobham on his attempt to fly from England to Australia without landing. It can carry six persons at a cruising speed of 130 m.p.h., but its outstanding feature is the provision of a retractable landing gear in order to reduce head resistance and increase the speed.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY INAUGURATED: Mr. W. G. Cardiff), Captain Olley, William Thomas standing augurated the company's service between Cardiff,

WORLD THIS SPRING

Safe but Inexpensive Machines for the Private Flyer

By GRANVILLE CONWAY

Almost as widespread as the cruising boom of 1933 will be the flying boom of this season, which finds expression on the one hand in an outburst of enthusiastic attempts to beat all existing records, and on the other in a rapid inauguration and development of internal and trans-Continental airlines. The season has indeed opened with a rush of flying activities on all sides. So rapid has been the growth of passenger traffic on the London-Paris route that Imperial Airways have found it necessary to provide increased accommodation in the shape of two extra liners of equal carrying capacity to the thirty-eight passenger Heracles type. Last week thirty-five schoolboys from Buckinghamshire and the Midlands began their Easter holidays in the 1933 manner by embarking on the liner *Horatius* for a trip to the Continent. How many other young would-be proselytes to the up-to-date religion of travel would change places with those fortunatet hirty-five?

Several new machines are to make their appearance during the 1933 flying year, among which are two English models of considerable interest.

The Miles "Hawk" is the work of a most able young designer, Mr. F. G. Miles of the Miles Aeroplane Company at Reading. Mr. Miles is responsible for the design work of Phillips and Powis at Reading, and his latest machine was built in their workshops. It is a low-winged, cantilever type, open two-seater with a Cirrus III engine of 90–95 h.p., which cruises comfortably at 1,500 r.p.m., with a speed of 78 m.p.h. This at once renders it a very economical machine to fly.

Another very cheap model will be the perfected conversion or adaptation of the B.A.C. Type VII glider designed and built by Mr. Lowe-Wylde. Recently four of these gliders were fitted with 6-h.p. motor-cycle engines mounted above the wing on a tripod and driving a small propeller. A top speed of 40 m.p.h. was produced and a demonstration was held at Hanworth. The perfected type, however, will possess a more powerful though lighter type of engine specially built by the Douglas Company. The very low landing speed of 30 m.p.h. renders that most difficult process a simple matter, and not the bugbear that it usually is to the beginner. Selling at the low figure of £250 and being both cheap and easy to fly, this machine is bound to meet with a great success.

The luxury type of air car for the private owner is well represented this year by the Percival "Gull." This fast three-seater monoplane is fitted with a 130-h.p. Hermes IV engine which at 2,200 r.p.m. will produce a top speed of 146 m.p.h. and will cruise comfortably at 125 m.p.h. The machine was designed by Mr. E. W. Percival, who has had a very thorough experience of flying and the designing and building of aircraft abroad as well as in this country; and having at one time or another carried 7,000 passengers in various machines which he more or less rebuilt to his own ideas, it may be reasoned that he would be eminently fitted to produce a machine of practical comfort.

For the "Gull" wood construction has been used throughout, the fuselage being in spruce with plywood panelling, as also are the ties and bracings in the patent folding cantilever wings. Standard hydraulic wheel brakes fitted to the "spatted" wheels and a swivelling tail-skid render the machine most easy in ground manœuvring. The range of the production models is designed to be about 550 miles, though on a machine tested 730 miles were obtained from the petrol supply.

Pilot and passenger accommodation is of the best. The seats are staggered so as to give plenty of leg room. Leather upholstery and felt carpeting strike the right note of luxury travel, and ample baggage space is to be found behind the rear seat, though at a pinch another good-sized suitcase can be carried alongside the seat.

The price of this "Baby Rolls" of the air is £1,275, and its attractive lines and well-groomed appearance are making it a firm favourite already with a great number of owner pilots.

A LUXURY MACHINE FOR THE PRIVATE OWNER: The cabin of the Percival "Gull," a fast three-seater monoplane fitted with a 130-h.p. Hermes IV engine. This machine is capable of a speed of nearly 150 m.p.h. The roof, shown raised here, is of transparent cellon; the side windows and front protection are of splintex glass

THE PERCIVAL "GULL" IN FLIGHT: A fea ture of this new model is the excellence of the accommodation. Leather upholstery and felt carpeting and seats with ample leg room make it the last word in luxury travel for the private flyer. The posi tion of the cabin allows the widest possible field of vision

AN ENGINED LOWE-WYLDE GLIDER AT HANWORTH: The Lowe-Wylde gliders, some of which were fitted with motor-cycle engines not long ago, are now to be obtained with a special Douglas engine, fitted to an improved type of glider

WAYS AIR SERVICE INAU- Howell (Deputy Mayor of Mrs. Howell, and Sir near the 'plane which in- twice daily two-way' air Torquay, and Teignmouth

AN INDIAN PRINCE

The Wedding of Patiala's Heir Apparent

PATIALA CELEBRATES THE WEDDING OF ITS HEIR APPARENT: Amid scenes of Oriental splendour the wedding took place last month in the Province of Bihar and Orissa between the Maharaj Kumar Brijendar Singhji Bahadur, second son of H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala, and the third daughter of the Thakur Saheb of Kakrua. One feature of the festivities was a magnificent procession in Patiala State when the bridegroom passed through admiring crowds of his father's people on the way to Bahadurgarh. Frequent halts were made, and at a number of places gold and silver coins were showered on the people by the Maharaj's attendants. The Maharaja is seen in the picture above riding through the streets of Quilla Mubarik during the course of the procession

RIDING IN THE WEDDING PROCESSION

The bridegroom, seated in a chariot, was followed by a number of ruling princes on richly clothed and painted elephants as he made his way along the processional route. The streets were gaily decorated with flags, and State troops and police assisted in controlling the vast crowds which turned out to witness the ceremonies

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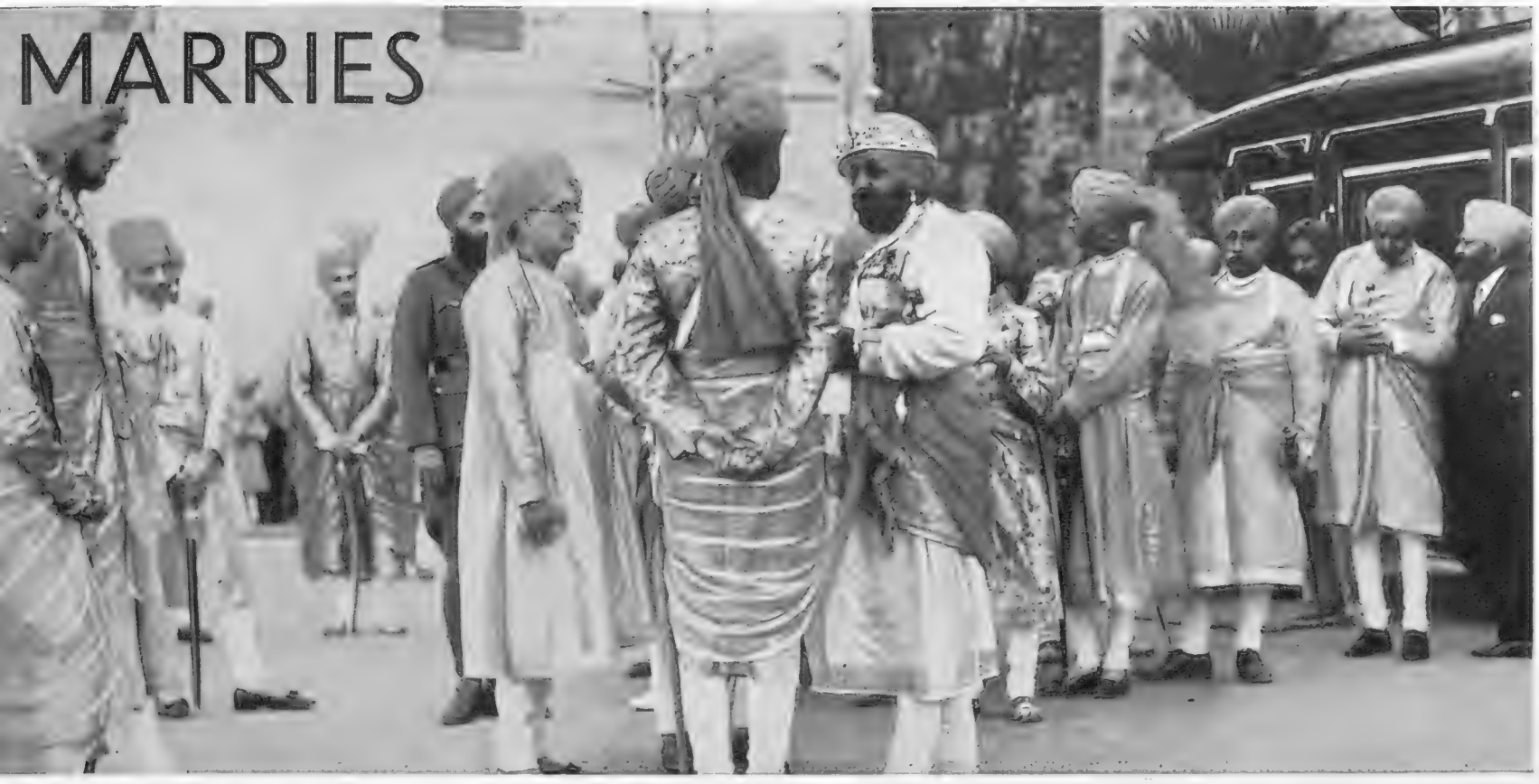
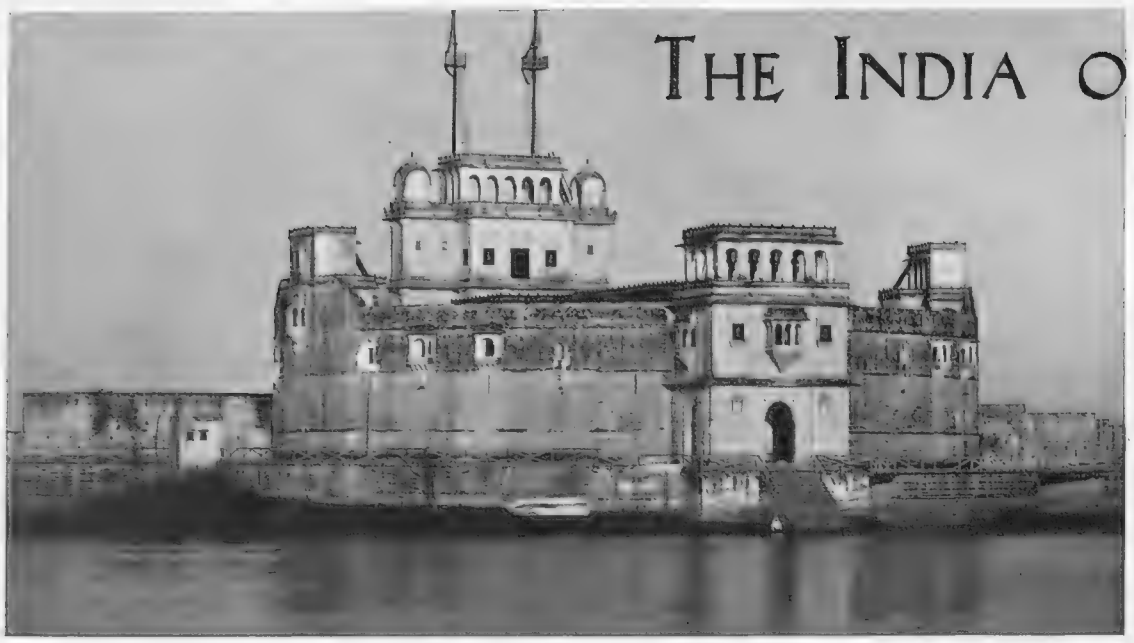


E BRIDEGROOM'S FATHER DISCUSSES ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE PROCESSION: H.H. the Maharaja of Patiala with his Prime Minister and Ahalkars at Quilla Mubarik. The marriage was one of more than usual brilliance in that it is the first time for over 125 years that a ruler of Patiala has lived to celebrate the wedding of his heir apparent

PALACE: The festivities at Patiala began with a magnificent banquet given by the Maharaja which was attended by ruling princes from neighbouring States, the dignitaries of the ominent British officials resident in the State. The little tables at which the guests are seated added a picturesque Eastern note to the brilliance of the festivities. The ceremonies despread interest as the Maharaja is not only one of the most important ruling chiefs in India, but has for long figured with distinction in affairs of Empire



IN THE CAPITAL OF A WELL-MANAGED STATE: The Lakhota at Jamnagar, one of the sights of a famous Indian State. To-day the city is in mourning for Prince Ranjitsinhji whose death at the comparatively early age of sixty has robbed India of one of her wisest and most tolerant rulers, and the world of cricket of one of its most masterly exponents and keenest enthusiasts

THE INDIA OF THE PRINCES

A Visit to One of the Loyal States where Modern Developments and the Best of the Old Order Stand Side by Side

By LEONARD HANDLEY

Writing a week or two ago on a visit I paid to the twelve-yearly religious festival at Nasik, I took more especially the temperament and the character of those vast and spiritually fanatical crowds who form the body of India and who are the life of all her largest native cities.

As an example of crowd psychology, under the influence of strong emotional excitement, it could not have been better. They were typical of this Eastern country's spiritual facet. Yet perhaps they hardly make a perfect picture of the normal every-day India which still exists to-day everywhere throughout this so vast continent—its untouched rural charm, its peaceful peasant class, its princes and palaces, noblemen and serfs, and age-old aristocracy. For what more aristocratic country is there? One, moreover, where it can truthfully be said Democracy has never been witnessed—far less tolerated?

A little while ago I visited one of these enchanting oases in this our present era of constant change, staying as the guest of the Maharaja in a small place called Mudhol. It lies somewhere north of Belgaum and south-east of Kolapur, and is very far from the beaten track—an odd 100 miles from the nearest main road. Yet in these 100 miles one has travelled more like 100 years—backwards. To the old India again—the India of the Princes.

No longer is one faced by surly Dravidian faces peering from behind the wheel of an unceasing stream of ramshackled buses—swaying death-traps, driven till they fall in pieces (rather than let them detract by 1 anna from the pocket of the owner whose coffers they must line)—which flash past, leaving a pall of impenetrable white dust to blind and choke one through the scorching miles ahead. Careless of risk to life and machine they are the curse of all main Indian roads (surfaceless tracks at the best)—the penalty of introducing, too suddenly, an intricate Western mechanism to the illiterate Oriental mind. Unprepared, it is inevitable that in this (as in all things) they cannot help but abuse what is given them.

No sign of such like will you find on the road to Mudhol, or only those used for purposes of the Maharaja. For though very ably administrated, modernity in the form of Congress and Swaraj, privately owned motor buses and brickbats, is neither tolerated nor desired in these little princedoms.

In them all the old manners and customs still hold sway. Still is the knee bent and dust raised to the forehead as the Maharaja's car goes by. Nor is it a grudging deference, this, for in nearly all cases these people owe an amazing rise in their physical and moral standard to their intensely progressive princes. Have we not lately heard how the much-loved Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (better known to us as Ranji) during his lifetime not only quadrupled the annual revenue, but extended his railways, developed irrigation, established a sound modern system of education, and enormously reduced the death rate by introducing urban sanitation? Likewise in many other States the rule of the princes is all to the people's good.

Yet side by side with these improvements the spirit of the country remains untouched. Camels and bullock carts are still the recognized forms of conveyance, and I passed long strings of these in all their glory of beaded and tasselled finery (hardly ever seen in westernized India nowadays) on my journey.

Arriving, I found the guest house sumptuously prepared for me. A scarlet carpet had been laid and the diwan of the Maharaja waited to receive me. Beautiful gardens surround this charming caravanserai, the constant irrigation necessary being supplied by the ceaseless labour of "Bhistis" (as they are called), the constant splash of water from whose leather "mussuks" I thought the softest and most refreshing sound I had ever heard on the stagnant heat of the evening air.

A happy change after the interminable dust and weary monotony of the arid orange plains through which I had come. Only near the city has continual irrigation brought forth a rich growth of crops and vegetables. A pretty sight, these gardens, of brilliant shaded green dotted here and there with the bright-hued saris as the women work in them throughout the long bright day. And everywhere is an atmosphere of contented peacefulness.

I sat my first evening in the star-lit garden with the diwan (after a dinner which would have done credit to an English hotel and surely did a thousand times more so to those who had arranged it in this out of the world spot, to where a white man hardly ever comes) and discussed the pros and cons of existence, the future of his State in particular and the world in general. He philosophized with wonderful perception and understanding on the marriage customs of West versus East, on sports and religion, far into the night, amazing me with his wide knowledge, wit, and insight—a very polished conversationalist.

Next morning we were out before dawn to see one of India's oldest sports, only practised nowadays in these Indian States—the art of hunting black buck with a trained cheetah. Impossible in this short space to go into the amazingly interesting details of these creatures' training. The unwearying patience and time needed to tame a wild animal, whilst still preserving all its essential ferocity and dash, its spirit unharmed by captivity. The things which I think strike one most, however, are the perfection of motion—the very wonderful symmetry of grace of hunter and hunted, the incredible speed, for are they not the two fastest animals on earth?—and sudden action.

We drove out in cars beyond the city to a wide flat plain—a favourite grazing ground for herds of black buck. From the cars we transhipped into bullock carts, and in these, hunched like villagers, started off in single file slowly down a narrow track till we were met by yet another party consisting of more bullock carts, though these had a wooden platform built above the usual level on which crouched the feline forms of two chained and hooded cheetahs. Each was accompanied by his keepers, two to each animal—men who have been with them since their birth and are responsible for their training. Strangely enough, these herds of small deer had become almost unsuspicious of bullock carts, and it is sometimes possible to approach to within a hundred yards of a buck without his taking fright.

This we did, and when a particularly fine specimen had been singled out a cheetah was unhooded and unchained.

Seeing the flying streak of gold speeding from us, I found it difficult to realize in it the same animal which a moment before had stepped down, at such apparently disdainful leisure, from his platform. A flash of amber silk, of rippling steel—and he was gone. A speed too great to last, it must be added, for if he fails to reach his prey in the first few hundred yards he makes no further effort. The initial spring though, the beauty of both animals, the swiftness and excitement of the short sharp chase, are all unforgettable memories. You may say a cruel sport—possibly yes—but a very beautiful one.

There is so much to write of these out of the way places—of the enormous fish to be caught at sunrise from the Mudhol bridge, of a panther shoot, and the death of the marauder who had terrorized a whole village for many months, the villagers rejoicing; everywhere an atmosphere of friendship and reverence for the white—an unknown quantity in the modern India of Bombays and Calcuttas.

To the vast rural population of India, we are still the White Fathers—they the children—inarticulately dependent on us through their princes for their all, believing with serene trustfulness in the unshakable sovereignty of the British Raj. Incredible to think that these small princedoms would be the first to go should Congress get its way with India. Only the more powerful States could hope to stand against it.

Were our protection withdrawn such places as Mudhol would inevitably become the scene of appalling bloodshed and strife, for the Eastern democrat is a very different man from his Western brother.

I read with great sympathy the words of a member of Parliament only the other day. "I feel," he declared, "that members of Congress have a very different picture of democracy than we English people. Their picture is a dictatorship by Congress like the Communist dictatorship in Russia."

Bolshevism amongst these bewildered children?

Leaving Mudhol one early morning, my car and person garlanded with roses—my breast stained with the perfume of attah (the Indian's final gesture of courtesy to a departing friend)—I wondered as I drove away through the waking fields and outlying hamlets how long their peacefulness would last in these uncertain days of stress and change.

Surely, as a Frenchman has so aptly put it, the question is not whether England has a right to keep India, but whether she has a right to leave it.

ONE OF INDIA'S OLDEST SPORTS: The art of hunting black buck with a trained cheetah is still a popular sport in some Indian States. This cheetah has just returned after killing its quarry. The task of training these animals is one demanding unwearying patience, for their spirit must remain unharmed by being in captivity if they are to retain their essential ferocity and dash

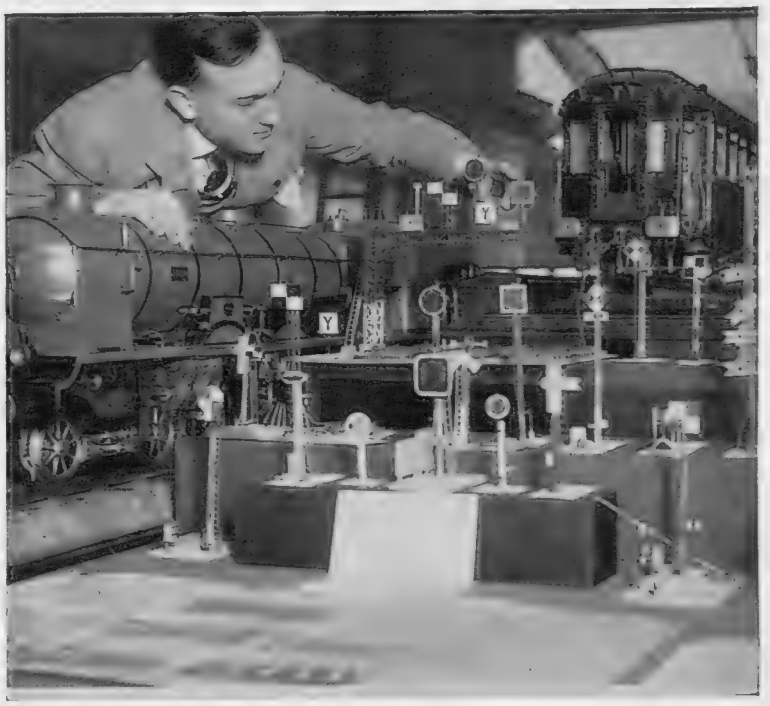
MATTERS MECHANICAL

Instructing the Young Idea at the Central Hall

Above — ENVY: Youngsters watch with admiration as one of the locomotive models is carried into the Central Hall, Westminster, for the Model Railway Exhibition, which opened there last week

On left — "HOWES" IT WORK? Mr. Bobby Howes, the popular comedian, points out the intricacies of a model traction engine to his son, Peter, at the Model Railway Exhibition

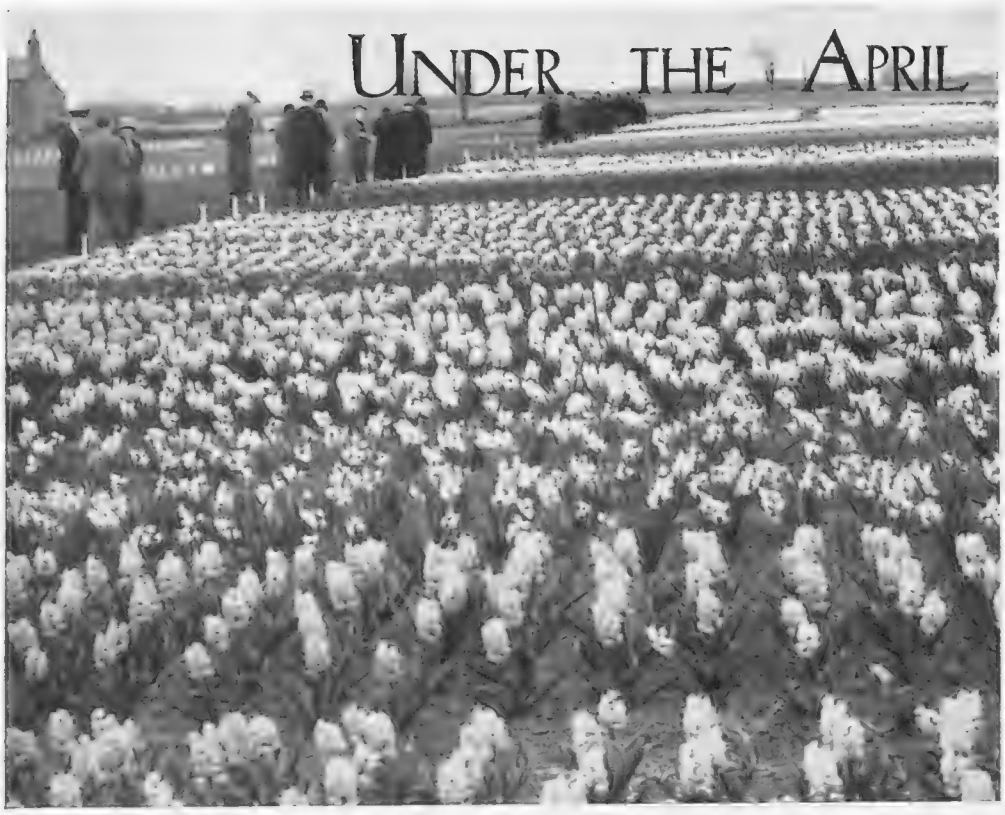
HIGH SPEED SHOE REPAIRING: An enterprising business man has recently opened shops in various parts of London where customers can sit in comfort and have their footwear repaired while they wait



AT THE CENTRAL HALL: The French Railways' stand at the Model Railway Exhibition showing various types of engines, coaches, and signalling systems used on the French railways

A GIANT GATE FOR A GIANT DOCK: The huge gate for the new graving dock at Southampton, claimed to be the largest of its kind in the world, was launched recently at Haverton Hill-on-Tees and is seen in this picture being towed down the river by the tug *Cleveland* at the beginning of its long sea journey to Southampton. The gate is 138½ ft. long, 58 ft. high, and 29½ ft. wide, and was built from 1,300 tons of British steel

UNDER THE APRIL SUN



SPRING-TIME'S COAT OF MANY COLOURS: Hyacinth, tulip, and narcissus blooms have flowered so early in Spalding (Lincolnshire) this year that many of the plants were endangered by the return of cold weather immediately after Easter. The bulb fields present such a multi-coloured spectacle that the London North Eastern Railway are running special trips to the neighbourhood

THE CHANCELLOR ON DEESIDE: His Budget preparations almost complete Mr. Neville Chamberlain took a well-earned holiday before his summing up of the financial year. He is seen in this picture playing a salmon on Cairnton Waters, Deeside, and from all accounts he "taxed" the river inhabitants' energies considerably

TIDDLERS: Enthusiastic young fishermen emulate the Chancellor and enjoy an Easter fishing holiday on the banks of a stream at Richmond. A "giant" stickleback has evidently been landed successfully

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN watches his ghillie weighing the eight-and-a-half pound salmon which he grassed thirty minutes after starting to fish in Cairnton Waters

WORK AND PLEASURE ON THE NORFOLK BROADS: Young holiday-makers interested in the loading of reeds in a dyke. The Norfolk reed is said to be the best of all materials for thatching purposes, while the stems are also used largely for making garden screens and light fences

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON: Mr. Frank Chamberlain, the Chancellor's son, accompanied his father during his Easter fishing holiday

SOCIETY, ART and THE STAGE

AT BROMPTON ORATORY: Mr. Claude Chauvin de Precourt and Miss Daphne Diana de Vere Beauclerk leaving the church after their wedding on April 19

"CAVALCADE" HEROINE RETURNS: Miss Diana Wynyard, whose performance in the film, *Cavalcade*, won her world-wide recognition, seen at Waterloo after her return from America

MISS HERMIONE BEAUCLERK (on right), who acted as one of her sister's bridesmaids at her wedding at Brompton Oratory last week to Mr. Chauvin de Precourt

THE "PORK PIE": The hat with the curious name that is being largely worn this Spring. It is worked in Russian embroidery

"WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING": The wedding of Lord Milton, heir of the Earl of Fitzwilliam, to Miss Olive Plunket, younger daughter of the Hon. Bishop Plunket, was the event of last week in Dublin. The bride and bridegroom are seen leaving St. Patrick's Cathedral after the ceremony

"PHIDJETY JESSIE": Miss Weall of Garston, near Watford, prepares one of her French poodles for exhibition at Kingston Dog Show

STUDYING CIRCUS LIFE: Lady Eleanor Smith, who is chairman of the Circus Ball which is to be held at Grosvenor House next month, paid a visit last week to Bertram Mills' circus at Guildford. She is seen chatting with Togare, the wild animal trainer

MANUELA: Mr. Egerton Cooper painting his portrait of Miss Jessica Tandy, the youthful heroine of *Children in Uniform*. The picture hangs in the Royal Academy Exhibition, which opens on Monday next. Few who have seen the play will forget Miss Tandy's portrayal of the orphan who is crushed by the relentless purpose of an educational machine

FULL-BLOODED MELODRAMA AT THE GARRICK: Frank Harvey as Major Boyd and Leon M. Lion as Jaggat Singh, the moneylender, in a thrilling scene from the new production, *Beggars in Hell*. The major who has decided to risk his reputation to save his subordinates threatens the moneylender unless he hands over the documents incriminating them

"BEGGARS IN HELL": Another moment from the new production at the Garrick between Leon M. Lion and Frank Harvey. Major Boyd who is attempting to rescue his subordinates from the toils of the moneylender warns Jaggat Singh that he will stop at nothing to achieve his purpose

PLAYS of TO-DAY:

By PHILIP PAGE

"ON APPROVAL": Isabel Jeans, who takes the part of the devastating Mrs. Wislack in the revival of Frederick Lonsdale's successful comedy at the Strand Theatre

In *Beggars in Hell*, Mr. Leon M. Lion has set out to provide an exciting entertainment and nothing more.

Tragedy does not necessarily spring from revolvers and strangulation, nor even from blackmail and financial distress. But good theatrical fare frequently does, and if this play at the Garrick does not cease to be of the stage stagey, it has a sense of illusion about it, is slick and efficient, and is extremely well done. Mr. Lion himself can switch with consummate ease from an Eden Phillpotts yokel to a villainous Sikh, and appears to be equally at home in Devonshire and in the neighbourhood of the North-West Frontier.

A welcome spot of originality here is that although its *locale* is the aforesaid frontier, we are spared the spectacle of impossibly heroic young officers in khaki discussing how to get their women-folk out of a beleaguered garrison. Nobody hands a phial of poison to his wife with instructions, before he says farewell, that she shall take it when things are desperate, to save herself from "a fate worse than death." Nobody says that "there's an ominous sound about that drum in the native compound. Those devils are turning nasty and they outnumber us by five hundred to one." There is no signalling in the last act to the relief force on the opposite hill, and a finale in which the Union Jack and arms in blood-stained slings figure prominently.

From this catalogue of what *Beggars in Hell* is *not* about, it might be supposed that it is a negative sort of play. Not on your life. Plenty of things happen. In point of fact, rather too many. But they are managed by the author with such skill that one does not get blithered.

Hell is mainly caused by a native money-lender with an oily smile and no mercy, by name Jaggat Singh. He is assisted, unconsciously, by a beautiful Englishwoman, equally unscrupulous, who collects the devotion of impecunious subalterns like postage stamps. In order to satisfy her, they touch the local "untouchable"—i.e. Jaggat, who has enough documents in his possession to cause half the officers in the Indian Army to resign their commissions, and half the mem-sahibs to beg piteously that their guilty passion shall not be revealed.

Then up gets a gallant Major, who had fought at the Khyber Pass, and does his best to silence the scoundrelly Jaggat with a revolver. But you cannot get rid of the pivot figure of a play like this when it is only half over. You cannot even do it by means of strangulation, and the Major was hardly wise to attempt the methods of the Thugs in their home country.

For Jaggat merely threw himself into a convenient trance, and turned up in the last act as malevolent as ever and, it seemed, no less powerful, with a suicide to his credit.

I have often read that it is unwise, for diplomatic reasons, to produce plays in which Orientals are defeated by wise and heroic Englishmen.

No such criticism could apply to *Beggars in Hell*, in which the English get it in the neck all the time. What is more, that is exactly what they deserve. Most of the trouble comes through these young Englishmen living beyond their means, and thus giving Jaggat his opportunities. The honour of the Colonel's wife (and, presumably, of the Colonel too), was at stake, but only because she deliberately jeopardized it.

I do not know the North-West Frontier, but I suspect that European women after considerable residence there would have a more weather-beaten and less alluring appearance than that displayed by Miss Leonora Corbett, who might have been strolling through the Royal Enclosure at Ascot via a Bond Street beauty parlour. But Miss Corbett acted extremely well and this is, as I have hinted, a play in which realism is neither possible nor even desirable.

A good performance came from Mr. Frank Harvey, until recently Richard Wagner and now an heroic but very striped major. Mr. Lion has played many parts of the Jaggat Singh type, but none of them better than this.

That plucky enterprise, the Embassy Theatre, has celebrated its first anniversary by the production of an artificial but bright little comedy entitled *White Lies*, by Peter Garland (who is, I understand, a woman). It is uneven and spoiled by an impossible stretching of the long arm of coincidence. But on the whole it justified a plunge into the night life of Swiss Cottage.

When married couples get bored with each other and, severally, go off the rails, it is the accepted custom to go off with somebody more attractive than one's legal partner. In this case the husband went to the South of France with an irritating and unaccommodating minx who flirted under his nose, and in his own hotel suite, with an interfering young novelist.

The wife went to the same town, to the same hotel, and to the same suite with an adoring half-wit who bored her. For some inscrutable reason they did not meet each other there. Nor did they meet the vicar of their own parish at home, who also had gone to the same town, to the same hotel, and to the same suite.

The vicar had taken his wife, who was so farcically unattractive that a temporary understudy could surely have been forgiven him in this world, if not in the next. This episode was purely farcical, and though well acted had no real part in the play at all, and served only to emphasize its improbability.

Miss Jeanne de Casalis played the wife in a glittering and rather hard manner; but her sense of comedy never failed her, and she scored some

FRED TERRY

The famous actor, who died last of sixty-nine, as he was in four *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, (2) in in *Matt o' Merrymount*

Leon M. Lion Provides Exciting Entertainment in "Beggars in Hell" : "The Soldier and the Gentlewoman"—after Non-stop Variety the Vaudeville Veers to the Extremity of Gloom in a Fine Play : The Embassy Celebrates its First Anniversary with "White Lies"

good points. Mr. Martin Walker has the great gift of personality, and can lounge about the stage with the appearance of taking no trouble whatever, and yet be consistently effective. That is not to say that he does not know his job as an actor: indeed, it is a sure indication that he does.

When "Peter Garland" has had more practice in play construction and can tie up what are known as loose ends, it is likely that a really amusing comedy will result. A sense of humour is there and also a sense of character.

After non-stop variety and the Chauve-Souris entertainments, the Vaudeville Theatre has now veered to the very extremity of gloom. Out of Miss Hilda Vaughan's fine novel, *The Soldier and the Gentlewoman*, Mr. Laurier Lister and the late Miss Dorothy Massingham have made an equally fine play. So fine is it that there is, I think, a good chance of its dramatic value atoning, with satisfaction to the box-office, for the increasing horror and depression evoked by the machinations of a most ungentle gentlewoman.

The play chilled me to the marrow, but not by such conventional means as Chinese torturers, clutching hands, mystery vampires, bloodstained daggers, and all the paraphernalia of what are known as "thrillers." This piece is infinitely more ghastly. Yet it pursues the even tenour of its way in a country house which has not even a ghost to help along a well-meaning dramatist.

I have seen innumerable stage murders. But no stabbing, shooting, or poisoning have ever seemed so repulsive to me as the sight of a wife murdering her husband, while pretending to nurse him, by withholding the medicine he so desperately needs, and by making him sit up in bed after the doctor had declared that, owing to the state of his heart, his life depended on his lying flat.

The ingratitude, too, was so fiendish. The poor man had married a cousin older than himself, whom he did not love, in order that she should not be turned out of the house in which she had always lived.

Cats, we are told, are attached to places and not to persons. This woman, a veritable tiger-cat, loved every stick and stone of that house in Wales. Her way of rewarding the man to whom it had been left by a will that appeared a perfectly just one was to add discomfort to his boredom. She made him sit in the light of dismal candles. She would not allow him to instal central heating, and forced him to shiver before inadequate fires. She insulted a friend whom he had asked to dinner.

When, exasperated to frenzy, he raged at the tragedy of their marriage and asked her to clear out or let him clear out, she killed him. In Pierre Louys's *La Femme et le Pantin*, the woman hung round the male worm's neck as the result of this treatment, and adored him. That would have been an even more sickening development. Perhaps murder was preferable.

I have not seen a more loathsome play than this since *Therèse Raquin*. But in its very loathsomeness lies its power.

WHITE LIES: Betty Lynne, who is now appearing in the new comedy, *White Lies*, at the Embassy Theatre, which is now celebrating its first anniversary

Murders in Wales are not, it seems, confined to weed-killer in solid or liquid refreshments. This woman, of gentle birth and good education, reverted to primitive superstitions. She even made a wax image out of a candle of the man she intended to kill and stuck a pin in it. That Miss Dorothy Dix contrived to make this little episode tragically impressive and not ludicrous was not the least part of her fine performance. She acted with deadly tranquillity. She did not angle for sympathy even when pretending to force a physical reconciliation with the man she so unreasonably hated—a scene of immense difficulty played to perfection.

Mr. Maurice Evans progressed with equal skill from ingenuous charm to restlessness, drunkenness, and, finally, hysteria. Mr. Eric Maturin had yet again to appear as a snarling and impecunious soldier—a well-bred cad, but this time with a sympathetic streak in him. After many months at the Coliseum recently as the old Emperor Francis Joseph, Mr. Frederick Leister was no less successfully realistic as a Welsh doctor.

That funereally-draped group which bowed to well-deserved applause at the fall of the curtain, was an appropriate climax to an evening of gloom. Even Mr. Maturin's pet dog was in black.

Nothing could be more unfair than to judge the late Fred Terry solely by *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, which was his "bread and butter" play for so many years. To some extent his reputation suffered by it, though it brought him a fortune.

He was not, of course, the greatest of the Terrys. But he was a fine romantic actor, with the grace and charm about him which are so lamentably lacking in so much of the acting of to-day. Fred Terry was trained in that splendid school which taught, above all, how the stage should be walked, how a duel should be fought, and "the nice conduct of the clouded cane." This, added to his own ability, made him an actor with an air of distinction about him difficult to define and still more difficult to imitate without the proper equipment,

He could wear any costume with an air, and in eighteenth-century classics he was one of the last exponents of a fine tradition. His Charles Surface was immaculate. As to his Shakespeare I never saw a greater Mercutio.

As a man Fred Terry was a loyal friend, a genial companion, the very soul of generosity, and in the truest sense an ornament to the profession to which he was so proud to belong.

The four pictures illustrated in the centre of this page show him in four of his most famous parts in which he delighted audiences in practically every part of the English-speaking world.

week at Hampstead at the age of his best-known parts: (1) in *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, (3) (4) in *Henry of Navarre*

AS HE WAS

THE BRONTËS DRAMATIZED: Constantin Heger, played by Leo Britt, and Charlotte Brontë, Lydia Sherwood, in Alfred Sangster's chronicle of the lives of the great authoresses, which began its run last week at the Royalty Theatre. The part of the Reverend Patrick Brontë is taken by the author

AT THE EMBASSY: Jeanne de Casalis and Carl Harbord in another scene from *White Lies*. Jeanne de Casalis gives a delightful performance as a wife who does not know what she wants, but knows that it must be respectable

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

A Painstaking Biographer—Mr. Garvin's Second Volume of "The Life of Joseph Chamberlain": Mr. Upton Sinclair's Vitriolic Onslaught on the Shady Dealings of American Financiers: One-Arm Sutton, the Story of his Adventures

Mr. J. L. Garvin ploughs on steadily through the heavy acres of correspondence, political intrigues, speeches, disasters, triumphs, and battles that encompassed his subject, Joseph Chamberlain, between the years 1885–1895. This large second volume, *The Life of Joseph Chamberlain* (Macmillan. 21s.), again reveals Mr. Garvin as a most painstaking biographer, who allows no facts to escape him in the minute reconstruction of the storms that swept the Radical camp, in the years when Chamberlain was vainly trying to work with the aged Gladstone. This volume covers only ten years, and it appears that there must be two more volumes to follow. The ordinary reader will perhaps find the thoroughness of this biography a little wearisome, but it happens that Mr. Garvin is doing something more than write the life of Chamberlain. He has set himself to give a complete, balanced survey of the whole political history in which Chamberlain played a part. It is a tremendous task, most worthily accomplished, and details which are dead and forgotten, and can be now of no importance whatever, under Mr. Garvin's marshalling are brought back into vivid life and recapture the dramatic intensity with which they were once endowed.

Mr. Garvin is doing his best not to allow his subject to become his hero, but he has most clearly been forced into adoration by the character of the man that is revealed when the facts of his life are subjected to examination. In these ten years under review it is somewhat singular that Chamberlain's life, and his course of action, were twice affected by divorce scandals. In the retirement from public life of Sir Charles Dilke he lost a trusted political ally and a private friend, for the old intimacy was never recovered.

Mr. Garvin makes clear, I feel for the first time, to readers as young as myself for whom the name of Dilke means only a domestic scandal, that Sir Charles was a politician of the highest endowment, who was assured in the ordinary course of events of the Premiership. The relations between the two friends touched more domains than those of politics. There is the story here of how they discussed, in a Cabinet meeting, while their chief, Gladstone, was holding forth on some subject that had not their attention, religion, and their belief of a future life. They passed notes along the table to each other. "Chamberlain always swallowed his own smoke, but for ten years now he had been unable to take an optimistic view of the human mystery." His firm faith in Dilke was destined to be rudely shaken, but there were few things finer in Chamberlain's life than the firmness with which he stood by his friend in the hour of utter disaster. The divorce case which smashed the Irish Party, and broke Parnell, again affected Chamberlain; but Mr. Garvin, once and for all, smashes the slander that it was Chamberlain's money which had engineered the ruin of his opponent.

The story of the attempt of Gladstone and Chamberlain to understand each other makes painful reading. Gladstone resented his inability to sway, one almost uses the word "intimidate," his young lieutenant. On the Irish question the split was inevitable from the beginning, but both men were reluctant to make an open breach. There was a visit to Hawarden, with Chamberlain alertly wondering, and Gladstone wary. There was an invitation to join the Cabinet, with conditions that were almost humiliating, swallowed by Chamberlain in an honest endeavour to avoid a split in the party.

Finally Chamberlain resigned and fought the Home Rule Bill to the death, taking his life in his hands. Gladstone was to come back again, six years later, after his defeat at Chamberlain's hands. There ensued a terrific duel between the old lion and the young tiger. Mr. Garvin has reset the scene with great skill. "They contrasted now in every lineament and faculty. Gladstone's white head seemed larger than belonged to mortals—like those large faces of the gods that poets have supposed—and his eyes were deep and gleaming; with jet-black hair, Chamberlain was among the many commanding men who have had small heads, and his own looked smaller by comparison, while his eyes narrowed in combat instead of opening like Gladstone's. The voice of the one suggested harmony and grandeur; of the other, bright steel." But the closing scene of all is summer-like and peaceful, for it reveals Chamberlain and his wife lunching in the garden with the retired statesman of eighty-five, their fierce quarrel forgotten. With Gladstone disappearing from the scene, and Rosebery's feeble Government falling, we see the advent of Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary in a Unionist Government. Mr. Garvin closes his survey at this point. The Gladstonian age was extinct. The Chamberlain era had opened.

Mr. Upton Sinclair is always looking for trouble, and always successful in finding it. He began his career with a sensational attack on tinned meat from Chicago. In some thirty subsequent books he has turned his immense energy and gift of vitriolic denunciation to various aspects of human greed, robbery, and trickery. He has now discovered, almost with delight it would seem, the story of how William Fox was driven out of the film industry by a conspiracy of Wall Street bankers. We are urged to read this book before its publication is suspended. I do not wonder. It is an astonishing onslaught on the methods and characters of America's foremost financiers. Can these things be, one asks again and again? Mr. Upton Sinclair succeeds in taking us through a labyrinth of financial trickery and bribery. He gives us names, figures, and dates. He spares nothing, fears nothing. He evolves from this morass of financial juggling a drama of great power. I could not feel at the outset greatly stirred by the sad downfall of Mr. Fox of Hollywood, a genius in his pushful way. But this Dreiser-like drama grips the reader. Everyone in U.S.A. is involved. It stretches out to Greece and Mr. Insull. "I feel no affection for investment bankers who helped to unload upon the American public the enormous pyramid of water and wind known as the Insull securities," says Mr. Sinclair. Since Mr. Fox, by his enterprise, made himself worth $100,000,000 he was considered a danger by Wall Street. He was too independent, he had to be broken, his competitors were afraid of him and were willing to lend a hand. The story of that breaking, and the methods used, provide an illuminating cross-section of the financial morals of Wall Street. This is a very long book. Its 500 pages deal with the grievance of a single man, but Mr. Sinclair writes with such engaging candour that there is not a dull page in it. I do not see how the American authorities, or dozens of the persons named in this terrific indictment, can let the book pass. The author has published the book himself, at Los Angeles, California, at the price of three dollars. Moreover, he is taking no royalties. I do not doubt Mr. Sinclair's honesty, but he is a man with a bee in his bonnet. He is a Communist. He finds in this book a great sermon against the capitalist system. Since the pill is in his last paragraph it can be swallowed without upsetting the digestion.

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETSKOY, whose first book, *Storm Tarn*, was published recently by Messrs. Grayson and Grayson. While writing the book the authoress lived on a sheep farm in Westmorland where she studied many of the types she so ably describes

As I read the story of his adventures, told by Major-General F. A. Sutton in his book, *One-Arm Sutton* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). I began to wonder how much of it could be true. He went to Eton and became an engineer. He refused to settle down, found adventure in South America, shovelled concrete in Detroit, lost an arm at Gallipoli. A period in a War Department gave him insight into the characters of Lloyd George and Churchill. "They impressed me as the most alert and fearless men then available to the country." The War ended, the most incredible adventures followed. The Russian and Manchukuo chapters surpass the ability of an Edgar Wallace mentality. He landed in Shanghai with 300,000 dollars, after a nightmare journey across the Manchurian plain, infested with bandits. He carried his money in specie. He lost it all in Shanghai in three months and set out to look for a War Lord in China, in order to sell guns to him. He went to arrange terms of surrender to another War Lord, found himself menaced by trickery, shot the general dead, and escaped. Here is a small boy's nightmare. The book ends with the author's engagement as Chief of Staff to General Chang-Tso-Lin, who conquered the whole of China. The book closes at this point with the Chang-Tso-Lin episode untold. I believe almost every word of this amazing narrative. It is beyond the wit of man to invent a story of such astonishing adventures. For twenty years General Sutton has been desperately looking for a bullet with his name on it. Thousands have passed his charmed head, believe it or not.

BOOKS TO READ

THE ROYAL LINE OF FRANCE, by E. Thornton Cook (John Murray. 18s.).

TO THE FOUR CORNERS, by Bernard Grant (Hutchinson. 18s.).

THE GOLDEN AGE OF OPERA, by Herman Klein (Routledge. 10s. 6d.).

ADVENTURES IN A MAN'S WORLD, by Courtney Borden (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.).

FOG, by Valentine Williams and Dorothy Sims (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Humbert Wolfe calls *Reverie of Policeman* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) a ballet in three acts. We open with a policeman with nothing "in sight of any kind to occupy his legal mind." There enters a gentleman in evening dress and from that moment on, the three dimensions disappear. Policemen are expected not to be imaginative, but Mr. Wolfe's policeman bears such evidence of incredible things and weird happenings that his testimony could only be accepted by a jury of poets. All life spreads out before his eyes—

> As scent of blossom that lures the bees,
> the sweet disorder in the trees,
> of bird song and the various grace
> of antlered stag, and velvet pace
> of speckled leopards as they swerve
> like darkness in an arrested curve,
> so the deep hair and open hands
> that bring from looted fairylands
> the elfin light on spire and dome,
> with the first kiss to harvest-home
> are all devices to distract . . .

The devices invented by Mr. Wolfe pour forth in a cataract before the mesmerized policeman, who is left, finally, standing in the empty Crescent. I should not be confessing the truth if I did not admit that Mr. Wolfe often carries me out of my depth. But it is the function of the poet to speak a language that we must learn. There is richness here to reward the difficult quest, and no moment of the adventure is without reward and surprise. He has "dressed beauty in some forgotten gown of hers."

Some of our young and supercilious novelists who refuse to learn their jobs, scorn the plots they cannot conceive, or master the art of descriptive writing, would do well to turn to Mr. Robert Hichen's latest novel, *The Paradine Case* (Benn. 7s. 6d.). It is written at great length and yet there is not a page of loose writing among the whole 500. The plot is finely conceived, and the large public he has kept faithful to him through many years will consider this addition worthy of its forerunners. Briefly, the story concerns the trial of Mrs. Paradine who is charged with the murder of her husband. Her counsel, infatuated with her, encourages the attentions of the judge towards his own wife, hoping to influence the verdict. The court scenes are superbly written.

I cannot perhaps do justice to Mr. F. C. Boden's novel *Flo* (Dent. 7s. 6d.). This is an age when realism is the vogue, because so many of the critics know nothing of life and applaud what they have not experienced. I know much of the life Mr. Boden so ably describes, and find it inexpressibly dreary. Of the fidelity of his portrait there can be no question, but I can find no excitement in the erotic fumblings of Saturday night drunkards or the pathos of a half-witted mother. Since Mr. Boden writes of what he knows, he writes well, and to many readers he will reveal an undiscovered drab country seen through the eyes of a poet.

Little Man What Now? by Hans Fallada (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) is a German novel, episodic in manner, presenting to us an unemployed man and his wife. He is a cheerful fellow and with his wife they face adversity in a courageous way. The charm of this book lies in the exposure of the follies of human nature. Pinneberg is at the mercy of anyone with an idea. He is a delightful lunatic, but at the bottom of him there is sturdy sense, whether dealing with the craze of *Nacktkultur* or the unwanted baby. This book has made Germany laugh. It is certain of a warm welcome here.

CANINE CAMEOS

THE LAST OF HIS RACE: A Chinese crested dog shown recently at the Pasadena Dog Show, California. The dog, which was recently imported into America from Shanghai, is said to be one of the last two of its kind in the world as the breed is practically extinct

TROUBLE AHEAD: Both are very young and both are very curious, but the attitude of the wire-haired pup clearly implies the breaking-off of friendly negotiations if his feathered friend fails to keep his distance

SEEN IN HYDE PARK: The higher slopes of Nero, the mountainous Great Dane, provide his kitten friend with an admirable but precarious view of the surrounding scenery

TENDING A THOROUGHBRED! Sunlight Tom receives violet ray treatment at West Ham Stadium—an effective method of keeping greyhounds in perfect racing trim for their frequent appearances on the track

NOSE PRINTS AS AN AID TO IDENTIFICATION: Mr. J. P. Snyder, the trainer of racing greyhounds, takes nose print impressions from some of his charges at the Greenford kennels. The system is being used extensively at the present moment as a means of preventing the theft and substitution of valuable dogs. In common with the human finger print no two dogs have the same pattern of marks on the nose

Here's Health!

It is the keen flavour of Kent hops, and the wholesome quality of British barley, brewed to perfection in Whitbread's Pale Ale, that make it so refreshing and re-invigorating after a strenuous round. It keeps its tone and brilliance in any part of the world, and is delicious when iced.

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Where Time is Timed

How 3,500 Employees at the Vauxhall Factory, Luton, Work in Perfect Unison to Produce Model Cars in a Model Factory on the Conveyor System

By CHARLES GRAVES

ON THE CONVEYOR LINE: A corner of the engine department of the Vauxhall works showing operatives engaged on engine assembly. The engine, growing as it proceeds, is kept moving on an endless belt at a pace which enables the men to add the parts for which they are responsible

In the past few months I have been shown over factories where lace, silk stockings, cigarettes, junk jewellery, and golf balls were being manufactured. But none of them reminded me so much of Réné Claire's film, *A nous la Liberté*, as did the motor-car factory at Luton which I have just been visiting. You may remember in that satire on factory life how there was a continuous flow of work, each man having to add a separate nut or bolt to the gramophone as it passed down a seemingly endless conveyor; and then how one workman saw a girl friend, jumped up from his place to talk to her, and by his absence threw out the whole intricate co-ordination of work, with the result that everything piled on top of everyone in one series of great and glorious laughs.

At Luton they are now turning out 110 Bedford trucks and Vauxhall motor cars each day. As there are definite limitations on the number of men who can actually work on the physical side of the task, this automatically means a very high standard of organization. Out of 3,500 employees of the company, less than half can actually work on the building of the car or truck; the others are the servants, advisers, and helpers of this chosen few. Everything goes literally by clockwork. There are eight experts whose sole duties are to study time. Every man, every operation, is studied carefully, and five observations are made on each "element." Look at this example:

The single operation which takes 3·176 minutes is divided up into five items. Then 5 per cent. of the time taken is added for "contingencies," and that is the total standard time allowed. In addition to this, each man is allowed an extra twenty-five minutes a day apart from his hour for luncheon. And that makes his standard time for the whole day. When he has completed this allotted work he has achieved 100 per cent. efficiency. But no factory can permanently expect 100 per cent. efficiency from its workmen, however experienced and skilled they may be. It would be asking too much of the human element to keep up the pace indefinitely. And, again, intelligent and therefore kindly employers do not want their men to wish for nothing but the mere completion of their job. So a bonus scheme has been introduced as a direct incentive for the men to earn more wages. This comes into operation as soon as the man has completed three-quarters of his work, and it rises rapidly until the complete day's job has been finished. If there is still time, and therefore work to be done, the bonus increases to a point where the men can reach 120 per cent. efficiency and earn really high wages (the total month's wage list is £70,000). I say "men" and not man, because the 1,500 of them are divided up into groups of anything from six to seventy operatives, each led by a group leader. And it is when a complete group has reached its percentage of efficiency that the bonus starts to operate for all of them.

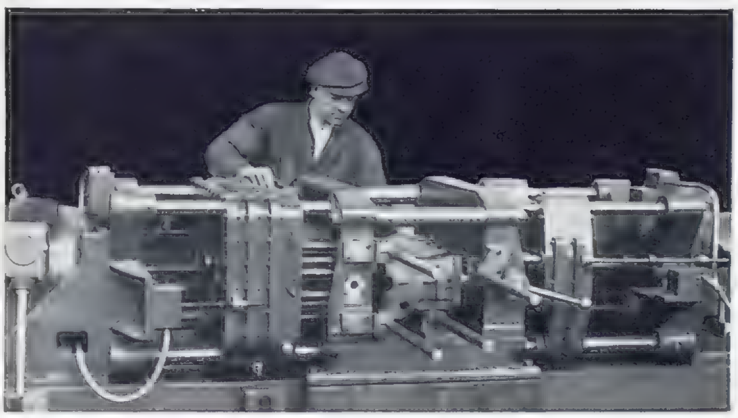
"But what happens if one of the men holds up the others?" I asked Mr. Tipler, the head of the Time Study Department. He smiled grimly.

"He does not do it twice," was the reply. "If his mates notice it they tell him he is a passenger, and if he does not speed up they ask the foreman for a substitute, and that is that. We have spent four years building up this time-study business, and in the past three months we have developed it to such a high pitch that I can safely assert that it is peculiar to this factory.

"In the last three months £500,000 were spent on new buildings and machinery and £25,000 more merely on reorganizing the work and the positions of the various machines in order to make the flow of work as smooth and continuous as possible."

"But what happens if a man faints, or something?"

"Oh, there is always the foreman or the sub-foreman who can take his place and keep the flow of work on the move. In any case there is this twenty-five minutes' allowance per day for each man which he can take in driblets or in one chunk, and it practically never happens that the men fall seriously ill while at work. Besides, there are always little reservoirs along the stream of work which act as a safety valve, if one can change the metaphor. You won't notice anything like the episode you described as seeing in that French film."



ONE MACHINE THAT DOES SIXTY OPERATIONS: A two-way multi-spindle drilling machine that bores sixty holes in the cylinder head face, the sump joint face, and the main bearing cap in 3.65 minutes. This remarkably quick time also includes the placing of the cylinder in position and its removal after the operation is complete

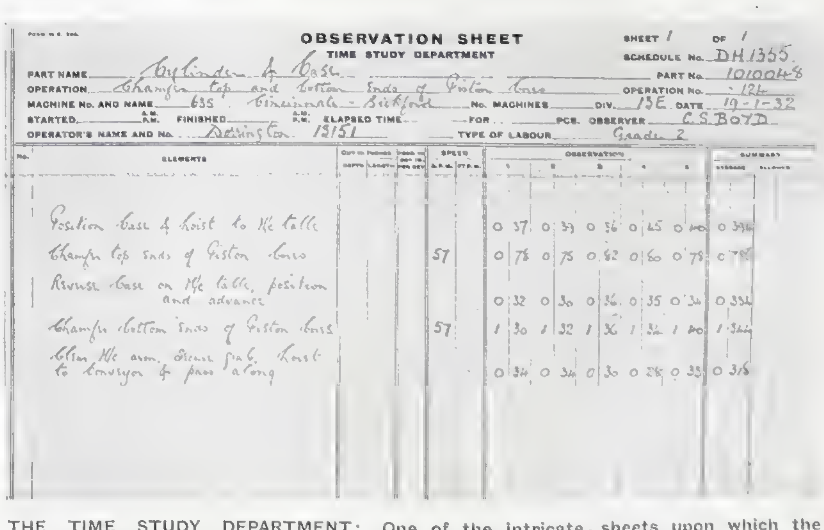
And now come with me to the vast building near the door of which stands a pile of rough castings of cylinder blocks. A small pulley enables the first workman who starts the stream of work to draw one over without exertion and squirt red paint all over it. It is then put on the spinning rollers which run the full length of the building (I should judge about 200 ft.) and sent trundling along to the next workman for the next process in its transmogrification into a complete engine. Again it is hoisted off the rollers, some huge machine called an Asquith drills intricate holes in it; it is hoisted on the rollers, and sent along to a point where it is made to yelp like a puppy that has been run over by a motor car. This is where the cylinder walls are "honed." And so it goes the full length of the building and then starts to turn left. It is at this point that the perpetual motion begins. For it leaves the rollers and is placed on a continuously moving conveyor, and starts at the rate of a foot a minute until it is complete. Opposite the men, stationed every 4 ft. on the conveyor, is the head of one of the eight or nine feeding lines, along which come the various bits of the engine as they are completed *en route* for fixing into the cylinder casting. This is where the time-study is so essential. Each man is given a certain length of time to do his job as the conveyor creeps past with its burden. Personally, I should have nightmares of hundreds of half-finished engines piling up in mountains beside me if I had to do this myself. But the men like it.

So the work continues as regularly and literally as clockwork until the engine is complete and comes off the conveyor for half-an-hour while it is tested. When this is complete, it starts off like a fat black spider on another perpetual motion conveyor into another huge building, where you also see the first rudiments of the front axles and back axles being built. In a corner of another building is another conveyor which ever so slowly dips the mudguards and so on into a tank of black enamel, and equally slowly takes them out and moves them on to dry. There is a lovely smell of pear-drops in the air. In yet another huge building there is a perpetual motion rack on which the chassis have been placed. As this creeps along one man puts on the tyres, another puts on the steering wheel, another lowers the completed body on it by a crane from above, another puts on the bonnet, and another man connects the electric system, at which point the car is complete, a mechanic climbs in and drives it off to the garage where, after a strenuous road test, it awaits the next four-hourly convoy to Hendon. So organized and co-ordinated is this part of the production that the actual assembly takes only two hours and a half.

I have deliberately stressed the perpetual motion of the factory because it is this that strikes a visitor so forcibly. The inevitability of the slow-creeping conveyors is appallingly fascinating. Like long worms they slide along. I dreamed about them that night.

It is evident, however, that there are whole sections of the factory, some of them most interesting, which I have not mentioned. Any motorist would have enjoyed thoroughly the five minutes I had listening to the silence test of the gear-boxes and talking to the inspector whose job it is to throw out all those which make the slightest sound.

(Continued on page 188)



OBSERVATION SHEET
TIME STUDY DEPARTMENT

SHEET 1 OF 1
SCHEDULE No. DH1355
PART NAME Cylinder & Case — PART No. 1010048
OPERATION Champfer top and bottom ends of Piston Boss — OPERATION No. ·12
MACHINE No. AND NAME 635 Cincinnati - Bickford — No. MACHINES — DIV. 13E — DATE 19-1-32
STARTED A.M. P.M. — FINISHED A.M. P.M. — ELAPSED TIME — FOR — PCS. — OBSERVER C.S BOYD
OPERATOR'S NAME AND No. Dessington 13151 — TYPE OF LABOUR Grade 2

Elements	Speed	Obs. 1	Obs. 2	Obs. 3	Obs. 4	Obs. 5	Summary
Position Case & hoist to the table		0 37	0 39	0 36	0 45	0 40	0 396
Champfer top ends of Piston Boss	57	0 78	0 75	0 82	0 80	0 78	0 786
Reverse Case on the table, position and advance		0 32	0 30	0 36	0 35	0 34	0 334
Champfer bottom ends of Piston Boss	57	1 30	1 32	1 36	1 34	1 40	1 344
Clear the arm, release grab, hoist to conveyor & pass along		0 34	0 34	0 30	0 28	0 33	0 318

THE TIME STUDY DEPARTMENT: One of the intricate sheets upon which the department records the work of individual operatives. It provides valuable data regarding the varying degrees of efficiency obtained by their employees

SPRINGTIME

For the debutante's morning walk through the Park, or for shopping excursions, the little suit shown below is an aspirant that is deserving of much praise, especially as it costs only four and a half guineas. It is called Criss Cross, and is made by Nicolls, of Regent Street, in navy blue and all pastel shades. The self-toned buttons are hand-painted, and blouses, hats, and bags should be chosen to make it suitable for town wear and for sea and country week-ends

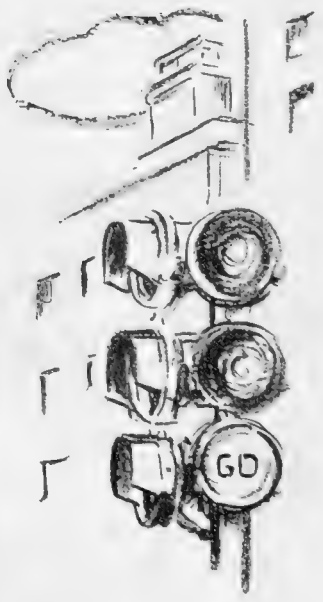
Plain fabrics—patterned accessories—that is a rule to which there is no exception. This plaid taffeta bag has a neat metal frame and is complemented by a scarf, the end of which is threaded through a loop at the back of the bow. They come from Debenham and Freebody

IN LONDON

Carefully Planned Clothes that Greet the Season Gladly and Keep Pace with its Activities

In these days it is not only debutantes who have to disguise the narrow limitations of their dress allowance. Most women have to plan carefully their total expenditure, and the easiest time to do this is at the beginning of the Season when laying the foundations of a spring and summer outfit. One's interests govern the choice of one's clothes, for suitability is the greatest single virtue, on which all others are built. First of all, then, out with your diary to see what engagements loom on the horizon. Then a cool survey of the situation, and of your hair and complexion, to decide what basic colours to choose. After that your own ingenuity counts for more than anything else. Dare to be original whenever you can see an opportunity of camouflaging outstanding details if, after a time, you grow tired of them. Stress your individuality. And—whether you are sixteen or sixty—be your age!

Ciré organdie is perhaps the most charming, and is certainly the most useful of the new waxed materials. It is used for this delightful dress from Swan and Edgar. Mounted on a crêpe de Chine slip of the softest rose pink, it has finely etched flowers in pink, pale gold, and blue massed on a white ground. It costs six and a half guineas, and could be worn with great success for summer dances, for Ascot, or on a holiday cruise



Formal afternoon engagements call for an ensemble of the type shown on the left. A Jenny model in fine grey wool, it is trimmed with platinum fox and has a cleverly twisted neckline which is very flattering. The apron cape is cut in a point at the front and, though it can be discarded at will, seems to form an integral part of the frock when it is worn. It comes from the Model Gown Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, and can be copied quite inexpensively

SPHERE OF TRAVEL
The Homeland

A CINQUE PORT: A sea bastion in Deal where the houses face the Downs

DOOR HOLM, ESHA NESS: A striking landmark on the Shetland coast

THE CHARM of OLD DEAL

Deal is an attractive little place. You are at once struck by its quiet propriety of age and the absence of bungaloid growth. As you leave the Southern Railway Station and walk the short distance to the sea, you notice the pleasant mellow brick of the old houses, the red-tiled roofs and the quaint windows, and remark the presence of many Flemish gable ends. And the sea front is not modernized by what many of us consider the ugly side of modernity. True, there are many motor-boats eager to convey you over the sparkling sea for the short trip to the Goodwins, but they seem to be merely a continuance of the pleasant flavour of the old seafaring Deal when it was pre-eminently the haunt of sailors and fisherfolk. The central part of Deal is still as Dickens knew it and you can approach it (though no longer by the mail coach), as Esther Summerson did, and see it (though not necessarily on a "raw, misty morning," Deal having a high sunshine record) through the eyes of the great author of *Bleak House*.

At last one comes into the narrow streets of Deal. The long flat beach, with its little irregular houses, wooden and brick, and its litter of capstans and great boats, and sheds, and bare upright poles with tackle and blocks and loose gravelly waste places overgrown with grass and weeds, will appeal to the artist and the lover of the picturesque.

The Downs, in which the great ships lay, is a stretch of water lying between Deal and the Goodwin Sands, known throughout history as a dangerous sandbank, but now fully indicated to passing vessels by lightships and buoys.

An old sailor, clad in the thick jersey and rough blue trousers of his busy working life, was sitting in the sun along the front the other day. He was in reminiscent mood as he watched the life around him. "Yes, sir, I've lived here all my life—twenty years along of my mother and fifty-six years with my wife—and there's not much I don't know about this place. Owned my own boat—never 'ad no master; went up and down the coast, all weathers, picking up anchors and cables. That was a good business; made thousands in my time. . . ."

Probably the old captain regretted that he hadn't been born a little earlier to have shared in the great smuggling days, when his kind dared the Excise men, and once ashore dropped their kegs at the doors of the gentry all round the neighbourhood! Now the Deal boatmen risk their lives—not for brandy, but in attempting to rescue ships wrecked on the Goodwins. A fascinating account of the stirring life of a Deal pilot during the first half of the nineteenth century is to be found in the journal of Will Stanton, pilot, who kept his lugger ready night and day on the steep, upper part of the beach.

THE CHARM OF THE UNEXPECTED: A narrow way leading to the sea at Deal. The famous watering place is noted for its unexpected little alleyways

Deal Castle is still occupied as a residence. It is situated in a little

(*Continued on p.* 188)

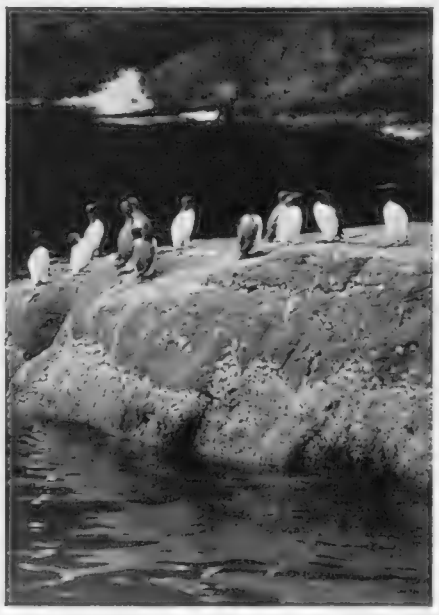
Drawings by Percy Home

QUAINT ALLEYWAYS: The main street of old Deal, which runs parallel with the shore

THE LURE of SHETLAND

Shetland is frequently called the "land of the summer dim," a reference to the midnight light which glows ceaselessly there for nearly three months of the year, and under which, at its brightest in June, the visitor is astonished to find himself sometimes reading or writing, or playing games, when he should be in bed. Almost, indeed, are the islands a "land of the midnight sun."

They are for the most part farther north than Cape Farewell in Greenland, and the capital, Lerwick (which has been called a miniature northern city, and a northern Venice), lies opposite Bergen, in Norway, about 180 miles to the east, while 60 miles of ocean stretch from the southern extremity of Shetland to the northern isles of Orkney. Shetland is a land of sunshine records, and in summer the visitor will find a surprising but temperate warmth (the winters are warmer though more stormy than in Scotland) combined with a sea air of outstanding tonic quality.



GUILLEMOTS: The Shetland cliffs abound with bird life, and have for many years proved a popular haunt of the naturalist

For such health-giving power and for the varied attractions about to be dealt with, it is well worth while making the sixteen-hour direct run from Aberdeen on board the first-class passenger ship, *St. Sunniva*, to islands which offer accommodation in ten hotels and nearly eighty board-residences of varying size, but distinguished for generous fare and warm, unsophisticated hospitality and which are served by over 150 hiring motor cars besides motor and other boats at convenient points.

A deeply impressive feature of Shetland is its panorama of high, rugged hills, magnificent sea cliffs, and the sea winding inland everywhere in long river and lake-like *voes*, forming scenes of exquisite beauty; even in the largest of the islands—which measures 54 miles from north to south and 21 miles at its widest—it is impossible to go inland for more than 3 miles. Hills 800 ft. in height are fairly common; there are several eminences of 900 ft.; and the chief height of Ronas Hill (1,475 ft.) is a huge domed mass of boulder-strewn red granite, recalling in size and form one of the massive hills of Scotland.

Treeless as the islands are, the ever-present sea and, under certain light conditions, the variety of the hill-colouring give them a charm that can well dispense with foliage. Wonderful cliffs ring nearly the whole coast, now awesome from their height, now bewitching in their fantasy of form.

Six hundred and 800 ft. are not uncommon heights for these cliffs, and only St. Kilda can rival the 1,220 ft. of sheer rock with which Foula faces the Atlantic. The caves in the island of Papa Stour have been described by noted geologists as the finest collection of caves in Britain, and all round the coast, especially on the west side, the outlying stacks and holms, and in the north the wonderful colouring of the rocks, are such as can be seen probably nowhere else.

PAPA STOUR: A cave well known to visitors to the Shetland coast. Papa Stour is an island just off St. Magnus Bay

From a World Traveller & Lecturer *to Carreras Ltd.*

"When speaking in public for an hour-and-a-half or two hours at a stretch, as I frequently do, it is most necessary for me to keep my throat in good order. I find that a cigarette, just before a lecture, is very soothing to the nerves, and, I have tried nearly every brand in order to discover one which would satisfy and soothe, without irritating my throat and causing that annoying little cough which is so fatal to effective speaking.
The only brand that I have discovered which completely fills the bill is Craven 'A'. *I can smoke as many of these as I like—and when I like—without any ill effects.* Another point in their favour is that in whichever part of the World I buy them, I find them always in the same perfect condition . . ."

.....

(Original letter can be verified.)

★ I can smoke as many Craven 'A' as I like — and when I like — without any ill effects..

CRAVEN "A"

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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

IN HOLLAND: A model "77" Willys in the picturesque district of Volendam, where most of the inhabitants still wear the national costume. The modern streamlined bodywork of this car strikes an unusual note of contrast in this old world Dutch scene

THE J.C.C. INTERNATIONAL TROPHY RACE.—The success of the M.G. Magnettes in the recent classic Italian road race is a good beginning to the 1933 competition season. These cars are quite new, and up to the moment of writing they have not competed in this country. They will, however, make their first appearance at Brooklands on May 6, when they are booked to appear at the Junior Car Club's International Trophy Race. In this event there are many well-known foreign cars competing, and it will be indeed interesting to see how this new British high-efficiency car compares with its foreign rivals, as it were, on its own ground.

This J.C.C. International Trophy Race is an experiment which may do quite a lot to overcome the obvious difficulty of spectators who try to calculate what is really happening in a long distance race over a short circuit. Organizers have for years been puzzling how to convey the maximum amount of information to the spectator in the easiest manner. Endless efforts have been made, but none of them with any real success. In the series of the British Double-Twelve Hour Races which were held at Brooklands in 1931 and the two previous years, the handicap was based on the principle that the bigger the car the greater distance it had to cover in the allotted time of twenty-four hours. Sometimes this handicap was allotted individually to each car and sometimes collectively to the cars in different classes, but whichever variation was adopted the results as far as the spectator was concerned were identical. Instructions to the spectator were given in the programmes as to how to calculate the winner at any given moment, but unless he was in possession of, and could use, a slide rule and the integral calculus he was in a complete fog. I don't think I am giving away any State secrets when I mention that on many occasions the experts in the pits were unable to tell how their own cars were faring!

THE OBSCURE WINNER.—Another system of handicapping cars of unequal performances is to give them a time or distance start. Sometimes a combination of both is used, such as in the Ulster T.T. Race. At first sight it would seem to be a simple matter for a spectator who is able to see the score-board on which the number of laps completed by each car was given to tell which competitor was ahead at any given moment, but when the actual race is in progress it is almost impossible to pick the winner, unless the score-board also informs the onlookers who is gaining most on his handicap.

All this calculation and complication has definitely prevented motor racing becoming as popular as it should be in this country, and it is with the object of allowing the spectators to follow the race with intelligence the whole time and without the aid of pencil and paper that the Junior Car Club has evolved this event on May 6.

The cars will be divided into three classes and they will all race round Brooklands together. They will start at the same moment and at one point of the track, namely, the Fork; the three classes will each take their own channel, which will be marked with a distinctive colour to correspond with the colour allotted to the class. These channels are of different severity, so that the larger car will find its particular channel has a much more acute bend to negotiate than that set aside for the middle class, whereas the channel for the smallest class will probably have no bend at all. In this way the cars will handicap themselves on each lap, and theoretically they should all go round bonnet to bonnet. In practice that may not, of course, occur, but from a spectator's point of view the cars will all start at the same moment on the same line, and the first man home will be the winner. It is, of course, difficult to see how this scheme could be worked anywhere else but at Brooklands, as the width of ground required at the point where the three channels are placed must be ample, and at the Fork at Brooklands there is over 200 ft. available.

ISLE OF MAN RACES.—The regulations for the car races to be held in the Isle of Man in July next have now been issued by the R.A.C. There will be two races; the Mannin Beg on Wednesday, July 12, and the Mannin Moar on Friday, July 14.

The Mannin Beg race will be for cars up to 1,500 cc. engine capacity, and the Mannin Moar for cars over 1,500 cc. engine capacity, save that supercharged cars up to 1,500 cc. will run in the race for the bigger cars. Cars will run in racing trim, without restriction as to type; they must be fitted with four-wheel brakes, and a mechanic will be carried. Closed cars will not be eligible. The course is approximately five miles long. Starting from the Villa Marina on the Douglas Promenade, it runs almost entirely through the streets of Douglas. It is of a tortuous nature and, in addition to a variety of curves, includes twelve acute corners.

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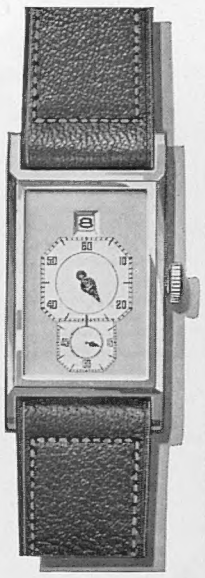

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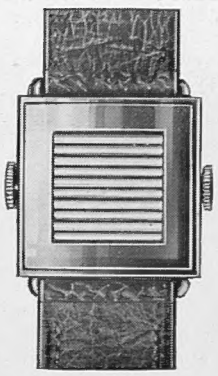

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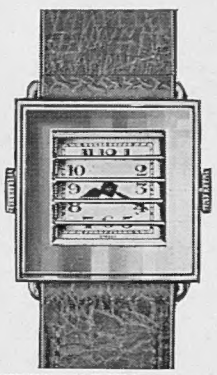

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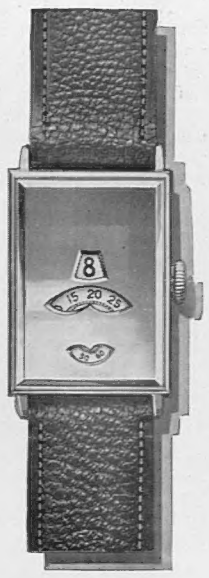

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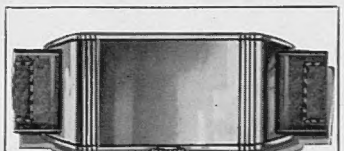

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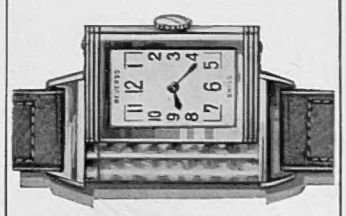

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A BOOK ABOUT COLOUR

It is not necessary to travel very far to-day to find instances of colour applied in a glaringly inartistic manner. Whether it be a cottage daubed in an unsightly shade of pink, a street poster glorying in the variety of its unmatching shades, or a carpet only remarkable for the crudity of its tints, we can tell that somebody entirely ignorant of colour and its application has been at work. There is clearly need for more general instruction on the subject, and many will welcome Mr. Arthur Macmorland's new book, *Colour—Theory and Practice*, published at 3s. 6d. by Reeves and Son, Ltd., the artists' material manufacturers. The author, who is at present Art Master at Dunfermline High School, has set out to provide a logically sound method of developing the colour-sense, combined with the scientific manipulation of pigments, on educational and practical lines.

Nothing has been included in the text which has not first been proved and tried in the laboratory or art room, and Mr. Macmorland's scheme is entirely based on the latest colour theory of Wilhelm Ostwald and his definition of the eight distinct primary colours.

Readers will find the second part of the book, which deals with exercises and experiments, particularly instructive, while the text is made thoroughly clear by the inclusion of numerous colour plates and line drawings. It is printed by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode Limited, His Majesty's Printers.

THE CHRYSLER COMPETITION

It seems that women are just as good judges of a car as men. For in a recent competition run by Chrysler Motors which called for a nice discrimination with regard to the various mechanical features of a new car, a woman beat the men. Nine special features had to be listed in order of usefulness, and one of the new Kew Six cars was given as a prize for the men, and another for the winner among the women. A woman was the only competitor to put all nine of the features in their correct order. The nearest winner among the men had only seven out of nine right.

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THE CHARM OF OLD DEAL

(*Continued from p.* 184)

hollow close to the sea, presumably with the idea of avoiding the big guns from the enemy ships, which, however, it never had to face. Walmer Castle, just south of Deal, is the official residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, the most famous of whom was the Duke of Wellington, who died there in 1852. Visitors are permitted to see his room, containing relics and furniture belonging to the Iron Duke.

Present day Deal lies stretched out from the golf links and Sandown Castle, where well-maintained private houses are to be found, through the old seafaring town with its narrow picturesque streets, to the newer part with the pier, which connects up with Walmer.

Old Deal is divided into Upper and Lower, the upper part being a little over a mile from the station. St. Leonard's Church in Upper Deal is the earlier church, having some traces of Norman work, while St. George's in Lower Deal has the domestic appearance of a Queen Anne church, with a pedimental front and a charming, well-kept churchyard.

A famous literary woman of the eighteenth century well known to Dr. Samuel Johnson, for whom she contributed articles to *The Rambler*, was born at Deal in 1717. Mistress Elizabeth Carter was one of those marvellous women who mastered nearly every language, was a great Greek scholar, and yet retained a knowledge of the womanly arts, being able, as Dr. Johnson said, "to make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus out of the Greek."

WHERE TIME IS TIMED

(*Continued from p.* 181)

Incidentally, the place is full of white-coated inspectors. There is one to every ten men. Not that they merely inspect. In most parts of the factory they do as much work as the men. But the high proportion is made necessary by the fantastically high standard of accuracy needed for co-ordinated production nowadays.

One white-coated gentleman allowed me to look through the peephole by which he was inspecting gudgeon pins. These have to be accurate to within one ten-thousandth part of an inch, and so gigantic is the power of the magnifying device that the difference between one ten-thousandth and two ten-thousandths looks as wide as the width of a match stick.

In another building you see the first beginnings of the body taking shape. Every few feet there is another body a little nearer completion until the completed shell is painted nine times and put to bake in an oven—I forget how many times. Again there is that sweet smell of pear-drops.

Outside we meet Mr. James. Mr. James is in charge of the salvage department. Every week he reclaims 400 gallons of oil from the turnings, 100 tons of ferrous and non-ferrous metal, 2 cwt. of leather, and all kinds of miscellaneous bits and pieces. White metal is worth £100 a ton, and, all told, he salvages and sells about £8,000 worth of stuff a year. It is an interesting statistic that every week 1,200 tons of material enter the factory, and every week 100 tons become scrap and are sold—which seems a very low percentage of "waste," especially when even the waste is sold at profit.

It was at this point, suitably enough, that I met Mr. Charles Bartlett, the managing director. "The thing that I would like to stress is that the desire behind all this organization and accuracy is to build a product of a quality that can compete anywhere around the world, and that is a responsibility and an objective that we have very definitely in mind," he said. "By no means are we in favour of anything which suggests 'driving' the men to an output which is represented by just sheer hard work. I would not like anyone to think that we 'police' the men in any way, but rather would I like to get over the true idea, which is that we, as a company, must work as an organized, co-ordinated whole to help to the fullest possible extent those men who are doing the physical part of the work, in a desire to get efficient production from the factory and with the maximum degree of quality.

"Only by tackling a job of this kind in such a way that we realize that everyone has a part to play in it—and no part in a way can be superior to the other—can this modern production be achieved, and achieved with 'sweet reasonableness' and even happiness to all concerned."

Most interesting of all—for it brings us back to the eternal chain of work in this, the most co-ordinated factory in Great Britain—is the fact vouched for by Mr. Bartlett that there is never more than three days' supplies of material in the actual working factory at one time. Think of the enormous saving in overheads and interest in capital this involves.

So there I will leave you—with a vision of an endless supply of raw materials and rough castings slowly massing every hour of every day from all parts of the country; of these materials and castings slowly writhing their way along the endless conveyors until they reach glossy and utterly accurate perfection to within one ten-thousandth of an inch; of their slowly gliding off to their searching road tests; and finally of the collecting and selling and removing of their rough skins which have been slowly sloughed in their transmogrification. If unpunctuality is the thief of time, then co-ordination is its watch-dog, and nowhere can you get a better example of the commercial value of the Latin proverb, *festina lente*, than you do at Luton.

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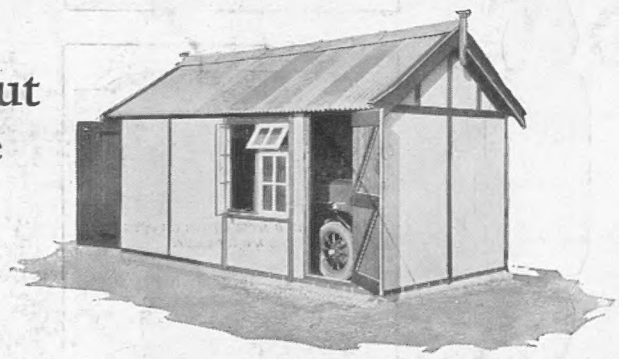

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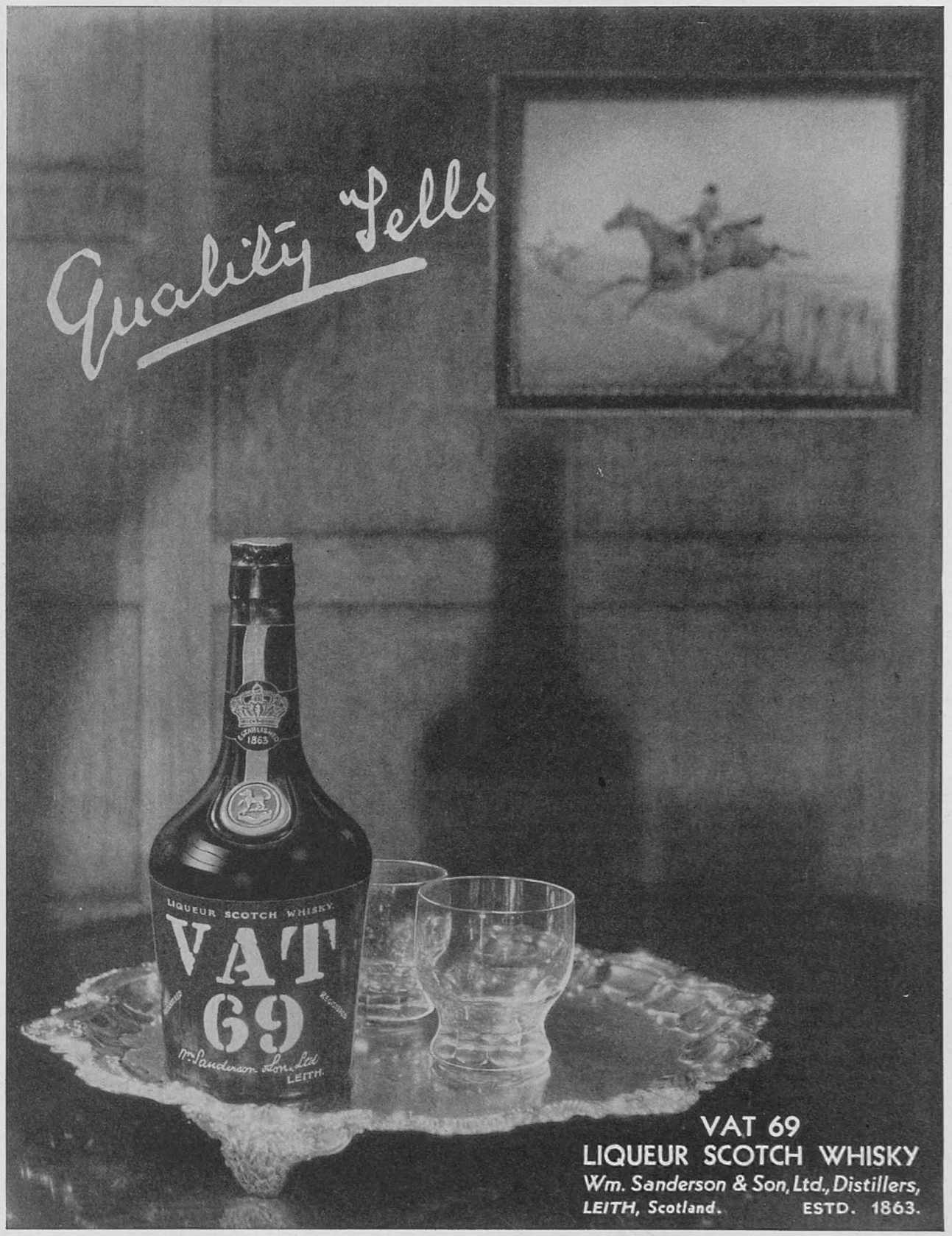

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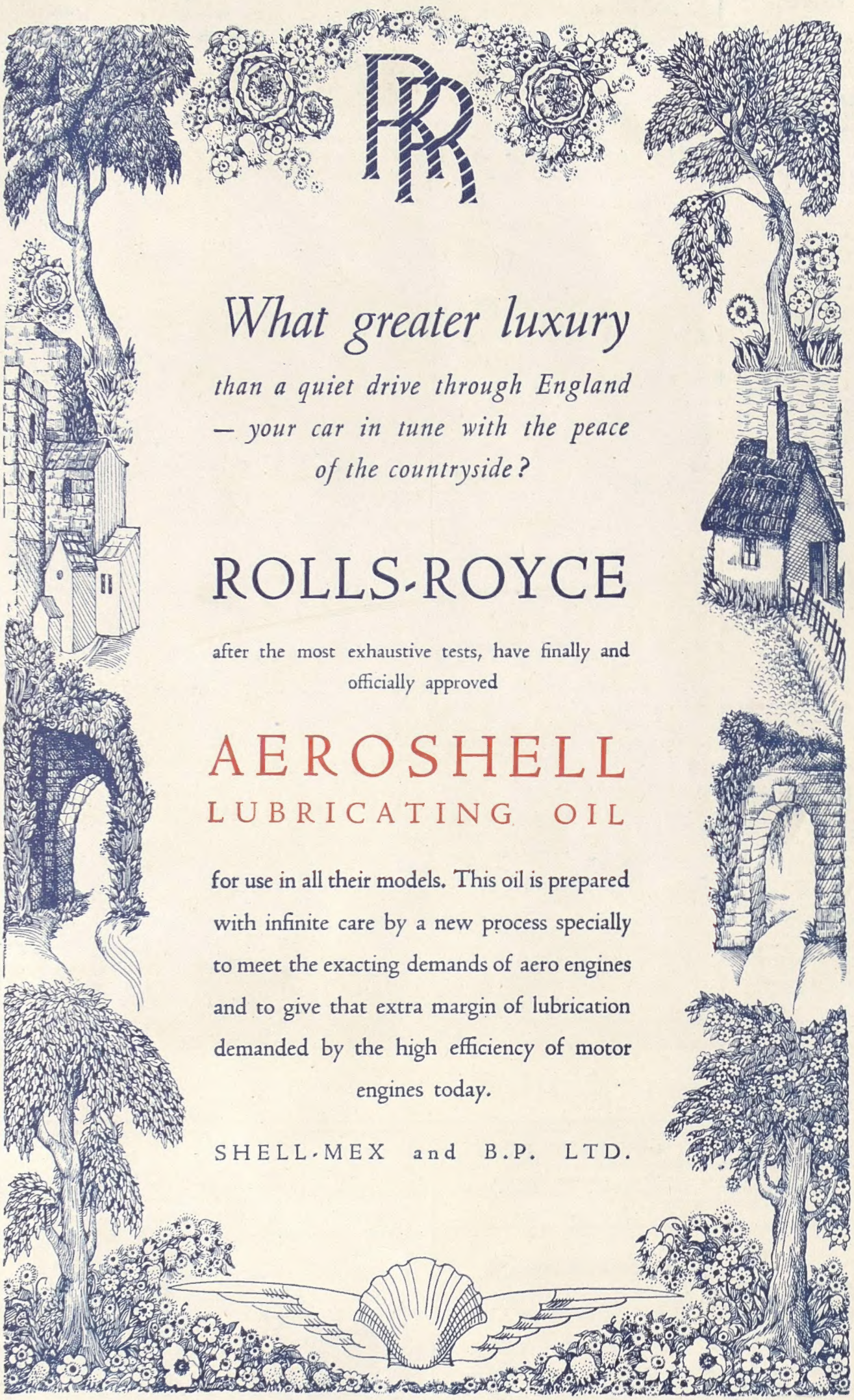

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